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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 13, 1943
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV No. 2286 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOV. 13 1943

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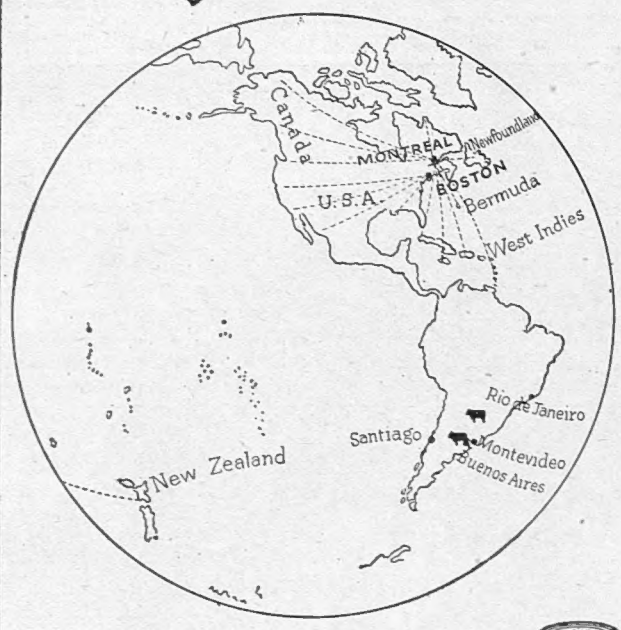

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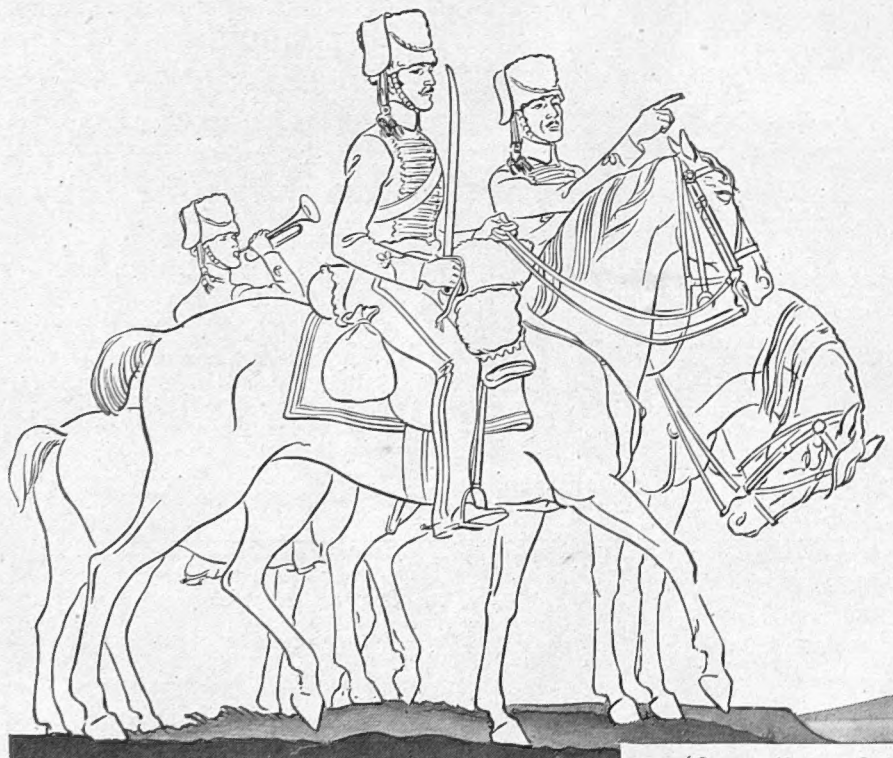

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Although for 37 years it was just a name, this regiment's record caused it to be re-formed and earn its present distinction and honoured name.

Volume CLXXV No. 2286 The SPHERE, London, November 13, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

BIBLE IN A "FOXHOLE"—A POIGNANT PICTURE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC BATTLE-ZONE. An American Captain of Marines reads from a pocket Testament to one of his men whilst awaiting an attack by the Japanese

The scene of this picture is Enogai Inlet, in New Georgia, where the American and Australian forces are waging war against the unscrupulous and deadly Japs. Captain Ralph N. Priest, of the U.S. Marines (who comes from Pennsylvania), is occupying a "foxhole," in which he is sheltering for the night—never knowing at what moment death may strike: during the interminable hours of waiting he is reading verses from the Bible to his companion, a private in the Marine Corps, who comes from the Alamo district of Texas. Both wear the special camouflage clothing of the South-West Pacific as they crouch in the mud of the dense Pacific jungle

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THE FIRST PICTURE—SENT BY RADIO—TO BE RECEIVED IN LONDON OF THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE AT MOSCOW between the Foreign Secretaries of Britain, the U.S.S.R. and the United States, in session. From the right, clockwise round the table, are the following—M. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Secretary; Marshal K. E. Voroshilov, Marshal of the Soviet Union; Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Ismay; Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, British Ambassador to Moscow, Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary; Mr. William Strang, of the British Foreign Office; Mr. W. Averell Harriman, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow; Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State; Mr. Green H. Hackforth, United States; M. Litvinov, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, U.S.S.R.; and M. Vyshinski, U.S.S.R.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 219

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Moscow Conference.—I write about the published results of the Moscow Conference in a mood of thankfulness and relief unspeakable. Withal, in a mood of realism. I am not going to throw my hat in the air and declare that wars have ceased, and the Reign of Peace is established for all time. I remember "Peace with Honour," and I remember a passage in the diary of King George V, written on the morrow of Locarno: "This [wrote that sound statesman and hater of war in 1925] may mean peace for many years, why not for ever?" Locarno meant no such thing. Yet Moscow enjoyed a number of favourable conditions unknown to Locarno, and one of them was the plenitude of bitter experience and another the lesson, learned at last, of what nationalism and isolation inevitably bring. As Briand said in 1925: "*Nous avons parlé européen. C'est une langue nouvelle qu'il faudra bien que l'on apprenne.*" But no nation learned it then. At Moscow it was spoken as the "common language of diplomacy." The hopes of Moscow are higher than Locarno's. That is much; we need not hail the millenium in order to be thankful. For, if Hitler and his dreams still needed one more nail in their coffin, I think Moscow has produced that nail. The Allies are united to bury him and to bury the rotten past. Well (as we anticipated), it was first things first. We are entitled to believe that Stalin and his Generals examined the Western Allies' plans, prepared and preparing, for invading the fortress, and agreed them not only in point of unified strategy, but, *better still, in point of time.* The definition of "the earliest possible moment" is at last agreed on, and we can forget the misunderstandings and irritations so long caused by that unhappy phrase "the Second Front."

The Brass Tacks.—The discussion of this vital first item was frank and full, and both epithets read well. The united power of Russia, Britain and America to-day is agreed and concentrated on the shortening of the war. God send that the little men in all these countries take a note from the book of the Moscow Conference and accept this hour as a time for greatness and for restraint. The four great Powers (China among them) are agreed, and henceforth working in collaboration to ensure the peace of the world and all such vital questions as the gradual reduction or control of armaments." A European Advisory Committee will be set up in London to examine European questions, and one by one all the nations of goodwill will join the three big Powers in these discussions. There is special treatment provided for the case of Italy. The three Powers (with provision for the inclusion of Greece and Yugoslavia) will set up an advisory council to deal with Italian questions, the restoration of the essential freedoms of democracy, amnesty for the political prisoners of the Fascist tyranny, the handing over to justice of Fascist war criminals, and so forth. Austria receives individual attention. Her independence is to be positively assured; but the time and degree of her enfranchisement must depend on the strength and sincerity of her efforts *from this day forth* to contribute to the downfall of Nazism. If this wise pronouncement does not prove an incentive to Austria, *and* to every other country enslaved against the will of the majority to Nazism, to join in the pursuit and rout of Hitlerism from to-day, then, indeed, Austria and the rest of them will prove themselves too flabby and soft for consideration as units of the new Europe. This cannot but prove a fearful thorn in Hitler's troubled pillow.

—And a Final Query.— And, finally, the punishment of war criminals. I am not going to surrender my honest opinions to the impulse of a moment of great gladness and relief. By all means, if justice can be assured according to British standards (which are high), bring back the war criminals to the scene of their crimes, try them before a local jury and court, and hang them, if convicted, on the lamp-post nearest to the scene of their obscenities. (But in Britain we should take note of the risk of local prejudice and remove the trials beyond local range and prejudice.) But for the *Arch*-Criminals, it is another matter. Why I have always maintained that God's punishment is sharper than anything man can devise, is because I believe that St. Helena and Doorn were sharper than death, and that the world's contempt and scorn are more bitter to bear than execution for proud men laid low; and, above all, because I dread lest the execution of men like Hitler or Mussolini should result one day in their canonisation as martyrs. The world's contempt cannot be improved on as the fit punishment for those proud, vain, ruthless egotists brought down to the gutter whence they came. Well, then, there it is. The news out of Moscow is the best news yet that has come out of this war. I hail it with thankfulness and relief—and with realism.

The House of Savoy.—A Royal House in any country in civilisation has one (among several) outstanding loyalty—*to its people.* That loyalty overrides loyalty to its House, albeit the two loyalties merge into one just so long as the reigning sovereign is *conscius recti.* The moment a reigning sovereign takes a political decision or acquiesces in a constitutional reform in the knowledge that he so acts to save his House rather than to benefit his people, he has preferred an inferior to an overriding loyalty—and he is no longer fit to reign. I know too little of the actions and decisions and powers of the King of Italy or his heir to judge of their actions over the past twenty years. I have heard the King spoken of as clever and rather ineffective, as upright and well-meaning and virtuous. I heard well of the Crown Prince a few years ago. One was given to believe he was opposed to Fascism, and often enough resisted Mussolini with some show of courage and character. Now (it appears) he is tarred with the same brush as his father is, and that, in the opinion at least of the Liberal elements in Italy, he has, like his father, forfeited his right to reign—I, personally, would not judge him or the King on their decisions over the constitutional issue of Nazism twenty years ago. When Nazism came in, it was not blood-stained to the elbows. But in the later years of the Fascist tyranny it is another story. Tyranny, torture, treachery—these are matters for conscience, not for constitutional sound judgment; and if the King of Italy and his son preferred to cling to the imperial crown rather than to their panache as men, as decent, civilised men of honour and humanity, then, indeed, it is but reasonable that they should now join the legion of the damned, the ex-Kings, the itinerant dethroned, the Carols and the What-nots, who betrayed their countries and their class by preferring a secondary to an overriding loyalty. Such betrayals have been done by Kings in peace as well as in war. It is a heavy role—none heavier or more grievously trying. It is a role which can never plead intolerable difficulty in extenuation of failure. But the Italian people (in this instance) must shoulder a large share of the responsibility for the failure of their Royal House. In the past twenty years they have not made the job of a constitutional King, faced with a great refusal, any the easier by their own apathy and easy conscience and softness.

Foggy Reflections.—There have been misty days and nights. During the latter part of last month, mists persisted more or less continuously for nearly a fortnight and this meteorological fact is now passed for publication by the censor. Even the Germans noticed that flying over Germany was on a reduced scale. The Nazis had a respite at a time when the blitz was having a very telling effect on the morale of their home front; at a time when vital matters were being put through in the Ukraine and the Dnieper area. That was unfortunate; but the silent night-watches, when no aeroplane engines overhead disturbed the profound peace of the darkness, induced a train of compensatory reflections. *Imprimis,* a high-ranking member of the Government declared the other day, very courageously, in Parliament that the Government could not view as directly subversive the expression by "cranks and humanitarians" of the general opinion that night bombing is a barbarous practice which ought to be outlawed. It is; and one day we hope it will be universally outlawed. Meanwhile, it not only pays us, but it is an act of poetic justice that those barbarians who unsheathed this hideous sword should have a daily dose of its medicine and perish by it. And that being so, it is comforting to compute the number of new aeroplanes turned out, in America only, during a fortnight when wastage of Allied aircraft was remarkably trivial. One plane turned out every five minutes gives twelve every hour, or 288 a day or 4,000 a fortnight. The holiday has built up a nice reserve of trouble for the inventors and glorifiers of total war.

"Macbeth hath murdered sleep and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more."

Wanted, a Recorder.—The Hereford junior panel case is *sub judice.* The broader question of the whole system of courts of primary jurisdiction is very much open and debatable. For about 700 years the unpaid magistrate has been used by Government to perform, at various times, the functions of local government, police and primary or trivial jurisdiction; and a pretty penny he has saved the taxpayer, even since his role was confined to primary jurisdiction! I am not so convinced that he clings to his job jealously for the "social position it confers," or to enable him to satisfy a craving for power or a sadistic lust. The strangulating boredom of business on the bench—especially in wartime—calls heavily on his patriotism and patience. Perhaps Mr. Muddlecombe is nearer revolt than his baiters and critics know. Perhaps he is deciding at last to call their bluff. If so, there will be a pretty big and expensive uprooting and legal reformation ahead. I wonder whether the word "recorder" may not suggest a wise and timous solution of what is not yet a very well understood or clear-cut problem for reform. A "recorder" is a barrister of at least seven years' standing who acts, in cities and boroughs only, as paid chairman of Quarter Sessions. It is, I should say, quite impracticable to make such an appointment for all Quarter Sessions, and patently impossible to appoint such an expert for all petty sessional courts. But, as a temporary expedient and to reduce the wide margin of error and misconception which exists, it might be prudent and sound to appoint a junior barrister as a recorder of a different kind, and to allot to him a round of petty sessional courts which he would attend as observer, to record and submit his impressions of how the magistrates perform their functions. His reports, I believe, would blow away some of the prejudice and hearsay which distort the truth concerning Mr. Muddlecombe and his functions and conditions.

Tail-Piece in Verse.—Lines written in depression by a J.P. on the local Bench (unheated) after hearing thirty cases of food offences, black-out offences, traffic offences, bastardy and petty peculation, and after reading in his newspaper the suggestion, from a wide range of critics, that he clings obstinately to his place on the Bench "for the social position which it confers":

O Muddlecombe, where are the charms
The envious see in thy face?—
To dwell in the midst of salaams
And to reign in this horrible place.

THE OLD STAGER

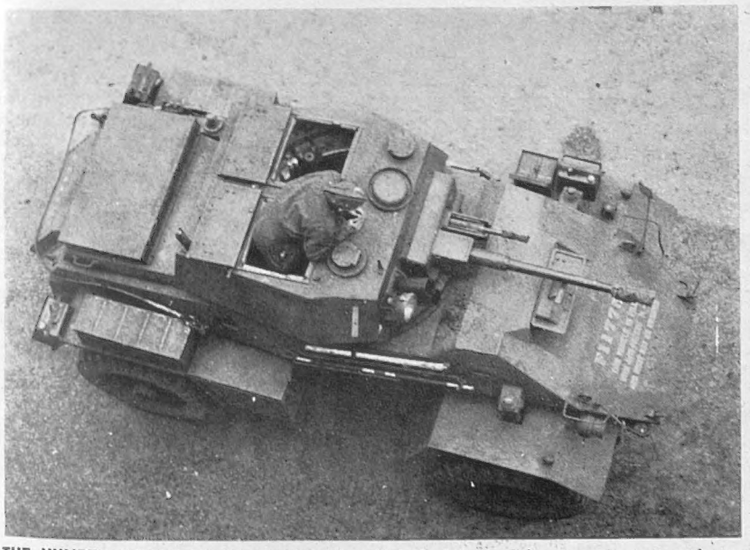
TWO NAZI SPIES DIE; THE EXECUTION BY A FRENCH FIRING-SQUAD OF TWO NAZIS AT ALEPPO, SYRIA. As the two men stand at their stakes, the Court Recorder faces them between the squads and reads off the official record of their charge, conviction and punishment

This picture was taken by an American staff photographer of the magazine *Yank* in the Middle East. It shows the execution of two Nazi spies: both had been trained in German espionage and sabotage schools before being assigned to the Levant States to spread confusion by blowing up power plants and reservoirs. They also carried poison to put into the food and drink of Allied soldiers. Arrested as they stepped off a train at Aleppo, they made full confession at their subsequent trial. The firing-party consisted of twenty-four soldiers; as they went to their allotted places, the taller of the two condemned men refused to be blindfolded. After the customary salutation on both cheeks by a French officer, the non-commissioned officer's sabre fell, and both spies went to their end

HOW GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARE "PROCESSED" AFTER CAPTURE BY THE AMERICAN ARMY. An interesting proceeding to which all Nazi captives are subjected in Italy

NEWS PICTURES from SYRIA and ITALY

On left — When prisoners fall into the hands of the U.S. troops, they are at once searched, and all articles of war have to be handed over. Then the prisoners hand over their personal effects, which are first listed and then placed under seal. This is the process which is taking place in the picture on the left. It was taken just outside Aversa, some miles from the Allied front line, where a prisoner-of-war camp had been built to house British soldiers: it has now been taken over by the Fifth Army to house *German* prisoners



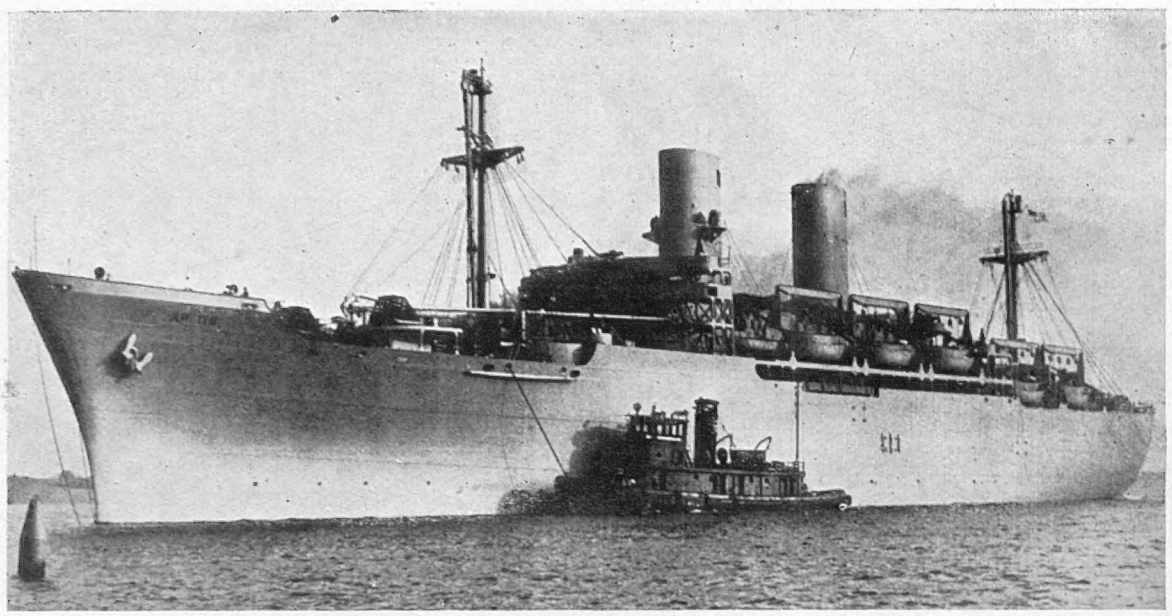
THE HUMBER ARMOURED CAR, MARK IV, which has figured in many recent actions in Italy and details of which have just been released

The traditional role of the cavalry in earlier wars is being carried on in this war by the armoured cars—many of them manned by cavalry regiments. Magnificent work has been done in France, in the Western Desert, in Tunis, in Sicily, and now in Italy, by the products of famous British motor-car factories working for the Ministry of Supply. Full details are now released of two of these vehicles. They are the Daimler Armoured Car, Mark I and the Humber Armoured Car, Mark IV. The Daimler—which weighs approximately 7½ tons complete with armament and crew, and has a very low silhouette—embodies all the accuracy of precision engineering usually associated with the name of the makers. It is well armed with a 2-pounder anti-tank gun, with which a 7·92 Besa machine-gun is mounted co-axially in a revolving turret, Bren gun for anti-aircraft work, Thompson sub-machine-gun, and two smoke-dischargers. This armament is ample for dealing with light resistance which may be encountered

THE DAIMLER ARMOURED CAR, MARK I, another fighting vehicle now being used by the British Army in Italy, it weighs 7½ tons

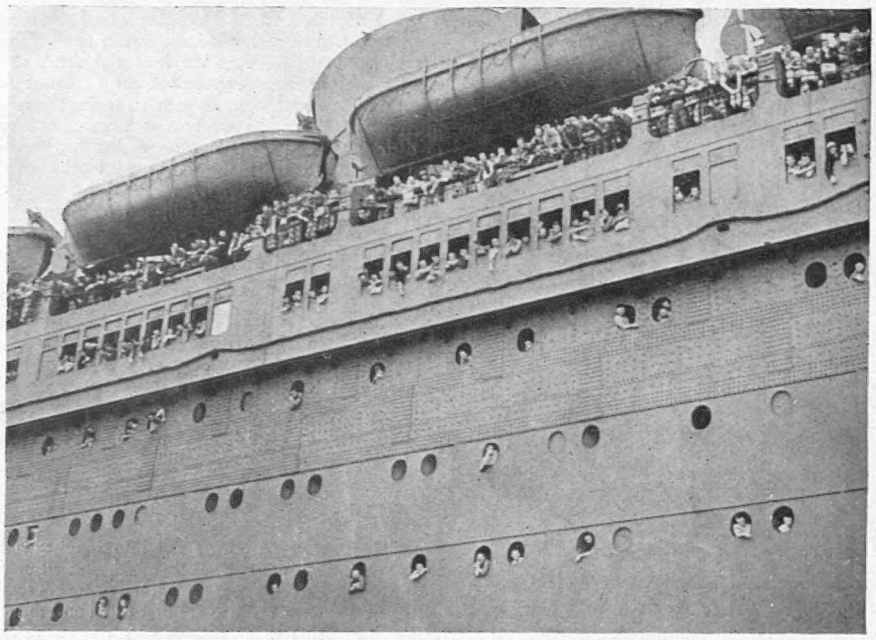
while reconnoitring. In this role—in which it is aided by a powerful radio set—the Daimler is used extensively, and has become very popular with the Army. The second vehicle, the Humber, is the first fighting vehicle made in Britain to use American main armament; it is fitted with a 37-mm. cannon and 7·92 Besa machine-gun. Other guns carried are a Bren gun for anti-aircraft use and a Thompson sub-machine-gun. The fighting equipment is completed by two smoke-dischargers and a wireless set. The Humber is mass-produced in this country, but the 37-mm. cannon—which fires armour-piercing shot—and its recoil gear are imported from America. On the road the Mark IV—which weighs 7 tons 3 cwt. all up—can attain a maximum speed of 45 m.p.h., and runs at an average speed of 35 m.p.h. On rough cross-country work its speed is 13 m.p.h., while gradients up to 1 in 2·25 can be faced. Both vehicles carry a crew of three men: driver, gunner and commander-loader

AROUND the BATTLEFRONTS of the WORLD—Some New Pictures



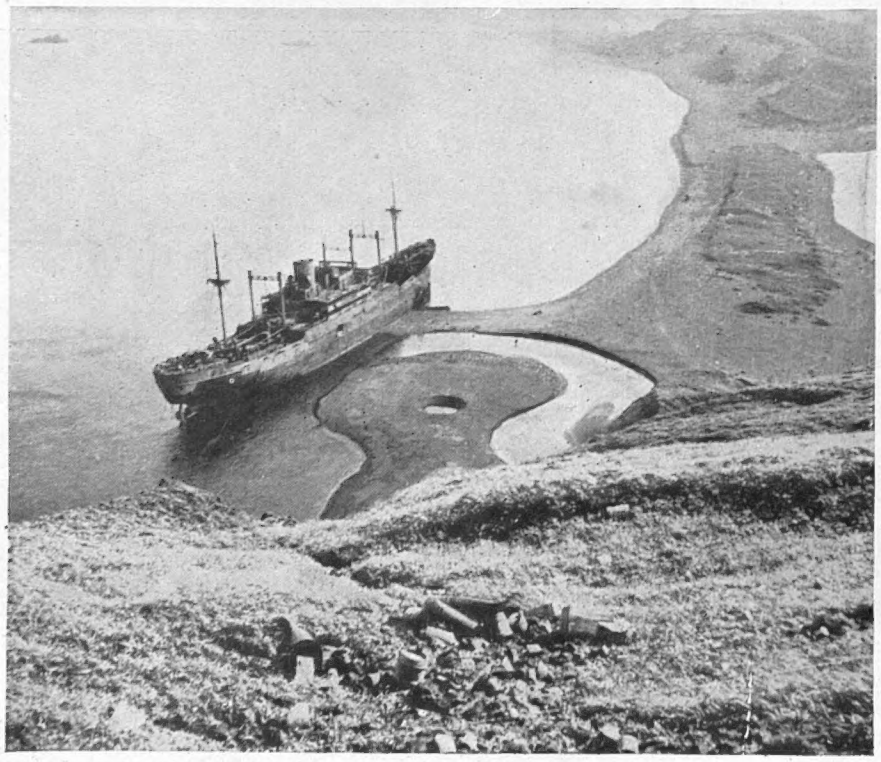
THE FIRST PICTURE OF A NEW "INVASION SPECIAL," which is to be used by the Allies for amphibious operations wherever landings on hostile shores are necessary. The giant troop-carrier depicted above is the biggest-type vessel ever built at the Kearny Yards, in New Jersey. It has actually proved to be speedier than its specifications—a tremendous safety factor against Nazi submarines during the operations in which it may be called upon to take part in the future. The vessel was built in sections in the American pre-fabrication style, and all the sections were finally assembled on the slipway. Some of the sections were as big as a tennis-court: the upper half of the bow, for instance, went into place as one solid piece, despite its weight of nearly 70 tons. The ship was "sewed" and "nailed" together with nearly 150 miles of welding seam and one-third of a million rivets. The size of the vessel may well be gauged by comparing it with the tug seen alongside. This new ship is a notable addition to the already numerous types produced by American shipbuilding designers for specialised war-time functions

POON LIM, the twenty-five-year-old Chinese seaman, just after he had spent 133 days on a raft in the South Atlantic after his ship had been torpedoed. He is now in London to receive a decoration from the King



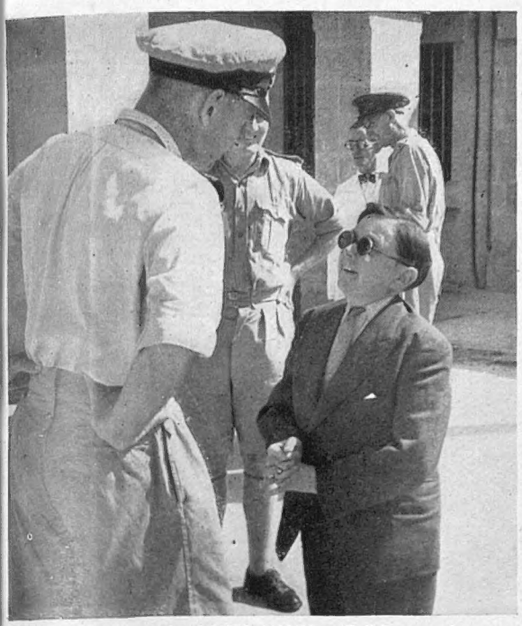
THE "QUEEN MARY" AS AN ALLIED TROOP TRANSPORT—A picture which was taken at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, in March 1942, and which has now been released for publication. The great liner was used during 1942 in all parts of the world to carry soldiers to the various battle fronts. An artist's impression (together with more details) is given on page 207 of this issue

THE CAPTURE OF A GERMAN-CONTROLLED ITALIAN SHIP IN THE ADRIATIC. The tanker being escorted by a small British patrol vessel into harbour after interception by H.M.S. "Tumult" and "Ilex"



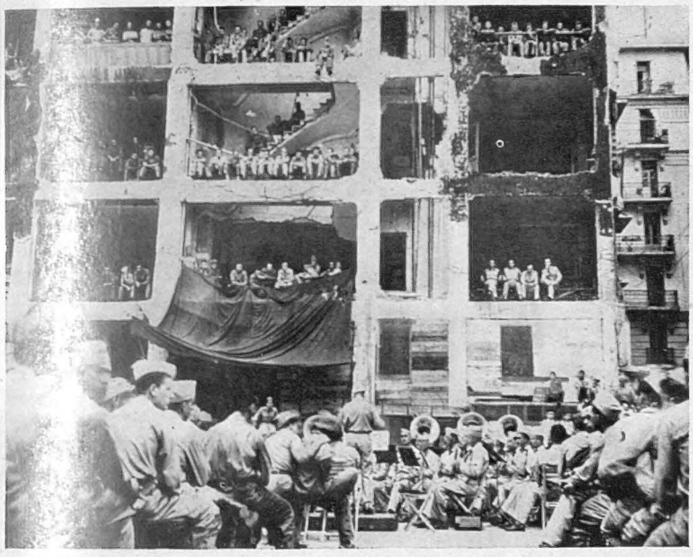
A SHIP THE JAPS LEFT BEHIND THEM IN THE ALEUTIANS: This modern merchantman was used by the Japanese in an attempt to supply their men on Kiska Island: it is shown beached near what was once their submarine base at this strategic Aleutian spot. The ship failed to run the gauntlet of American air power and was forced into this strip of coast. Note the big bomb-crater, half-filled with water, in the sand alongside the ship

ITALIAN SEAMEN FROM THE CAPTURED TANKER being marched away for interrogation. In last week's issue, we published a drawing of an Adriatic incident in the course of which two British destroyers intercepted German-controlled Italian ships. One was laden with 500 tons of bauxite: it was fired by the Germans and had to be sunk. The other, a medium-sized tanker, was captured and taken into harbour by the *Tumult*. The two pictures above were taken during the course of this incident



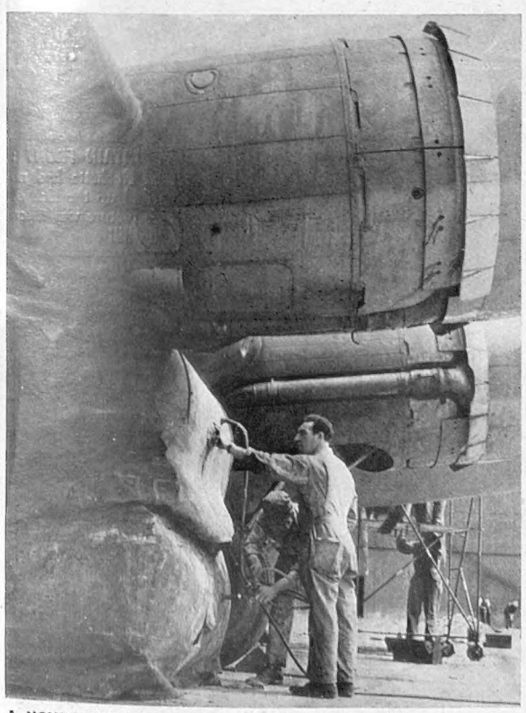
WEE GEORGIE WOOD VISITS MALTA: Talking to Surgeon-Lieut. Brown, R.N.V.R., in the grounds of a hospital where the well-known artiste has been entertaining wounded British soldiers and sailors

A FAMOUS PIANIST PLAYS TO THE TROOPS IN MALTA. Many variety artists from Britain have visited the George Cross Island during their tours of North Africa, Egypt and Italy: amongst some of the more recent stage and radio stars to entertain the troops have been George and Beryl Formby, the Western Brothers, Noel Coward, Leslie Henson and Company, and Wee Georgie Wood. Solomon, the famous pianist, also visited the island during a recent tour; above he is seen on the stage of the "Command Fair," the troops' recreational centre, playing to Service men

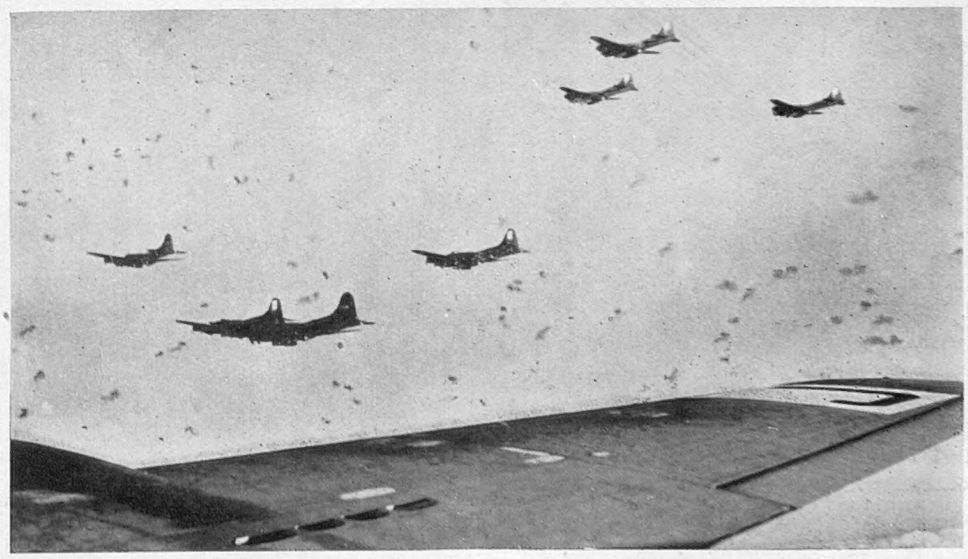


A NOVEL OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN ALGIERS. Using the bomb-opened floors of a big building in the North African base, U.S. soldiers are here seen listening to a concert given by an Army band. Whilst operations were proceeding in Tunisia, the city of Algiers was often heavily bombed by the Germans, and many of the buildings still show where they have suffered damage

BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS ON THE "EDGE OF THE WORLD." It is now possible to reveal the story behind the shooting-down of a Ju.88 from Fair Island, off the north of Scotland. There are anti-aircraft gunners stationed on the island, a tiny speck of land buffeted by gales from the Atlantic and the North Sea, and sometimes cut off for weeks from the mainland. Once a week a boat fights its way into the little sandy bay, bringing ammunition, rations and mail. A dinghy goes out to meet it, because the small jetty is not large enough to accommodate the boat. The inhabitants of the island are divided mainly into three large families, totalling some seventy persons. The gunners stationed on the island bake their own bread, do their own washing and eat their meat in the time-old fashion—a complete sheep at a time. In this picture Dolly, the Shetland pony, and Gunner Oldfield are arriving at the gun site: Gunner Daziel is spotting



A NOVEL METHOD OF LIFTING A FORTRESS. The aircraft seen here is being jacked up by "lifting bags" at an American bomber station. The big bags—one of Britain's contributions to Lease-Lend—are pumped as one pumps up a motor tyre. As they inflate, the heavy bomber rises into the air



WHAT HAPPENS DURING A HEAVY ATTACK ON GERMANY. Flying Fortresses fight their way through very heavy flak: on this occasion only one aircraft was lost. This remarkable picture indicates the intensity and density of the Nazi defences over important targets. It almost seems impossible for *any* of the raiders to survive such heavy and concentrated fire as is here depicted

PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE-ZONE IN ITALY

GENERAL ALEXANDER HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE : War Correspondents who were present make notes of what the Commander-in-Chief had to tell them. Well-known American, as well as British, writers were present

HOW THE ALLIES MOVE UP THROUGH CAPTURED ITALIAN VILLAGES : Sparanise is a small village some eight miles north-west of Capua. For some days it was the scene of skirmishes between Fifth Army patrols and those of the enemy, but on October 23, British troops entered and took control. This picture was taken as our soldiers were engaged in mopping up the remaining enemy elements in the village

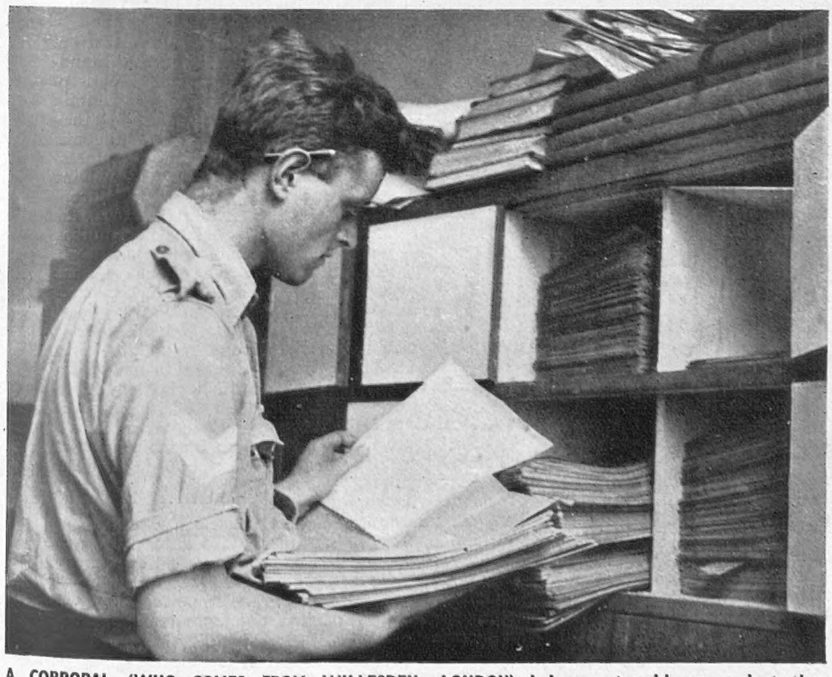
GENERAL MONTGOMERY INSPECTS THE SPECIAL SERVICE AND COMMANDO TROOPS who took part in the capture of Termoli : The daring Eighth Army amphibious operation which resulted in the capture of Termoli, behind the German lines, and upset the enemy's defensive plans was carried out by Royal Marine Commandos and members of the Special Air Service who had been dropped behind the enemy lines and linked up with Italian patriots. Officers and men who took part in these operations were inspected recently by General Montgomery. This picture shows a detachment of the Special Air Service Troops : the Commanding Officer of the detachment—a Major—is seen on the left in front

THE C.-IN-C. EXPLAINS THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN. The Allied War Correspondents were received at General Alexander's Headquarters in Italy recently and discussed the present campaign of the Fifth and Eighth Armies. He answered many questions which were put to him about future military plans

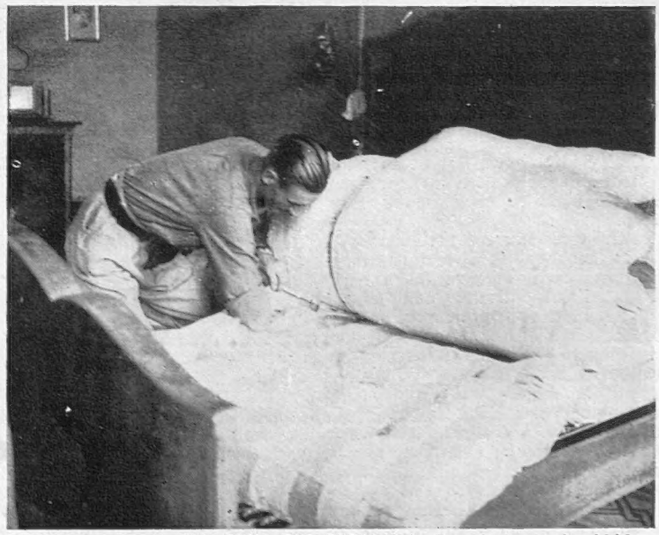
SUPPLIES CARRIED 2,200 FT. UP TO THE FIFTH ARMY MOUNTAIN FRONT : An Allied unit holding forward positions in the hills near Rochetta had no unobserved route up to them. All supplies had to be carried up the side of a steep and rocky mountain by infantry and pioneers. This picture was taken as the human pack train wound its way up the hill

THE GENERAL INSPECTS ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS : In capturing Termoli they killed forty enemy troops and took eighty prisoners

AN O.V.R.A. CHIEF IS ARRESTED BY THE ALLIES IN ITALY: THE EX-FASCIST CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE OF NAPLES sits in his shirt-sleeves for interrogation by a Maltese sergeant who is serving in the British Army ; an Italian gendarme working for Amgot stands on the right



A CORPORAL (WHO COMES FROM WILLESDEN, LONDON) brings out evidence against the Police Chief from the bulky files of a Field Security Section's records



A LANCE-CORPORAL SEARCHING THE BEDDING in Fusco's house for hidden documents : The three pictures reproduced here show what happens after the arrest of Fascist officials in Italy. The former head of the Secret Police (O.V.R.A.) of the Naples area is Cav. Alfonso Fusco. His arrest was carried out by members of a British Field Security Section commanded by a captain who hails from Aberdeenshire. After Fusco's arrest a complete search of his home was carried out, in which marked maps and documents were found ; a bank book was also discovered showing a balance of 269,000 lire—proof of how the Fascist overlords plundered the people under their control

ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN NOVEMBER 1918

The Scenes which Followed on the Coming of Peace and the Declaration of the Last War Armistice. Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

THE last morning of the war (of 1914-18, in France) opened shortly after midnight for the bulk of the advancing armies of Plumer, Birdwood, Horne, Byng and Rawlinson. Since the decisive victory of a week before, the troops had been gingerly picking their way forward. Now their forward lines, absorbing some 600,000 men, extended across a hundred miles from Ghent southwards to Maubeuge.

The men knew nothing of what was being signed in the dark early hours at Réthondes. What occupied them was that a certain line to the east had to be reached that day, and that, meanwhile, it was a confounded nuisance having to stop, unpack and negotiate craters or mined points every few hundred yards.

A frosty autumn morning, moonlit and dry, so that the constant tread of boots rung out on the *pavé* road. While darkness yet held, the violent noises of war simmered down to the occasional cackle of a machine-gun, the blowing of a booby-trap or a Jerry demolition ahead. Then with the light came two additions in the shape of "joy salvos" from the gunners on either side, using up their shells, and the shouts and cheers of French peasants come up from their hiding-places to wave on *les Tommies* and—miracle—produce wine after the Germans had been that way.

All that last morning operations continued as if nothing exceptional, certainly nothing titanic, were pending. "G." branch continued to function from châteaux that had been hastily evacuated by German opposites. "Intelligence" continued to trace a living picture of the enemy—what he was doing, intending, what we should find when we went forward. "A." branch, movement and transport, was "up to the eyes"; and so was "Q.," which found it far more difficult feeding this far-flung, fluid line than in stable trench days.

It was about bacon-time that the news spread that there was to be a truce at 11 a.m. Afterwards, one distinct change became manifest: the men began to set a new value on their lives and became as coy of tackling suspect areas as they were studious in their disinclination to hunt for trouble in any form. Why should they get scuppered this final morn? As almost the one exception, there occurred that last battle before Mons, fought chiefly by Canadians, which led to a lawsuit a year after. Mons held great glory, but should it ever have been fought? There was something terribly poignant in going on fighting between breakfast and lunch (so to speak) on the last day, knowing full well that peace was coming after lunch.

At any rate, the great bulk of the B.E.F. was distinctly for coyness. It was confidently expected that the enemy would keep out of the way as much as possible, thereby obviating many casualties, and this he duly did. But he was still the enemy until 11 a.m., a wily customer who had to be closely followed and tracked down, lest he try any tricks, lest he should seek to profit by the listless reaction certain to manifest itself among the victors.

At the very end, excessive caution was the keynote. The method, for the most part, forward in three bodies. Point, Advance and Main Body. A visit to "Point" anywhere between Ghent and Maubeuge during the final hour would have shown much the same spectacle—or lack of it. Cavalry, yeomanry and cyclist patrols ahead, scouring the woods and country-side for hidden machine-gun posts. Air observers doing likewise from above and wirelessing back their discoveries. And, thirdly, moving cautiously forward with fixed bayonets, the first of the infantry, a thin line dispersed across fields.

That was how it ended, how one came to eleven o'clock. The drama of an emperor receiving back his sword on the fatal field of Sedan; the panoply of a Bonaparte rounding off a mighty stroke with his Guard on their knees about him . . . here, at Lille and Mons, Maubeuge and Grammont, was none of it. Without clash of battle, almost unperceived, the Great War petered out. Nor would anything have been heard at all, had not the gunners persisted in having their final eleven o'clock fun, in which last rounds Jerry joined. For the overwhelming bulk of the armies, wrist-watches just said eleven o'clock. The armistice bugles were not even heard. In most cases, a simple halt marked that it was over.

The dream of the long trail had come true at last; Leicester Square was as good as round the corner; yet these survivors, these ultimate ones of the B.E.F. which had sung its way lustily through nearly fifty-two months, raised no cheer. They just stood about, subdued, in what had already become an unreal world.

Yet, for once, even humour was a scarcity. An uncanny silence descended right and left. The whole purpose of things seemed so utterly to have caved in. No more Jerry to scrap with! Everything cancelled! "B." Company's proposed mopping-up of that obvious strong-point over there. The Independent Air Force's first bombing of Berlin from Nancy.

While London and Paris went into deliriums, on the British front all was indeed singularly quiet. From the pounding advance of The Hundred Days to this . . . this silence, this nobody opposite! Men numbed by every sort of violent emotion could scarcely fathom it.

In his *Irish Guards*, Rudyard Kipling decided that "Men took the news according to their natures. Indurated pessimists, after proving that it was a lie, said it would be but an interlude. Others retired into themselves as though they had been shot, or went stiffly off about the execution of some trumpery detail of kit-cleaning. Some turned round and fell asleep there and then; and a few lost all holds for a while. It was the appalling new silence that soothed and unsettled them in turn.

"To raise the head, without thought of precaution against what might be in front or on either flank, into free, still air was the first pleasure of that great release. To lie down that night in a big barn beside unscreened braziers, with one 's smiling companions, who talked until sleep overcame them, and, when the last happy babbler had dropped off, to hear the long-forgotten sound of a horse's feet trotting evenly on a hard road under a full moon, crowned all that had gone before. Each man had but one thought in those miraculous first hours: 'I—even I myself, here—have come through the War!'"

Yet in those first hours the semi-bemused B.E.F. had other, more ordinary things to think about, such as rations, scrounging and billets. Happily, the day held fine, if cold, and the good intentions of the French civilians made everything easy. Together groups of Tommies and civilians split their queer jargon and occasionally there could be heard the old waltz tune, "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." still a first favourite at such reunions, and now having a new appeal:

In the afternoon came the Victory Bulletin from Foch, setting forth how the Allied troops, "now supporting with an indomitable energy the assaults of the enemy, now attacking themselves and forcing the victory, have, after a four-months offensive, bustled, beaten and thrown the powerful German Army out of France and compelled it to sue for peace."

French villagers being rare that first day, the unrestrained joys of peace billets among the Liberated still lay a short while ahead. Rather did the bulk of the victorious B.E.F. subside in quiet bivouacs surrounded by a perfectly unbelievable quiet.

A stillness which seemed to be broken only by the Reveille on Tuesday morning, when the B.E.F. learned that it was to mark time for six days, and straight away grasped at least one of the reasons. Hardly had the second day of Peace begun, before the roads in the British area became congested with a human surge of suddenly arrested war, with the long hidden, with the escaped, with refugees regaining their former homes, or what was left of them. This trek was mainly of women and children, but a more painful one was of prisoners of war, largely British.

Even before the Armistice the Germans had simply opened their camps and turned them loose.

"Go on! Clear off! We don't want to catch sight of you again!"

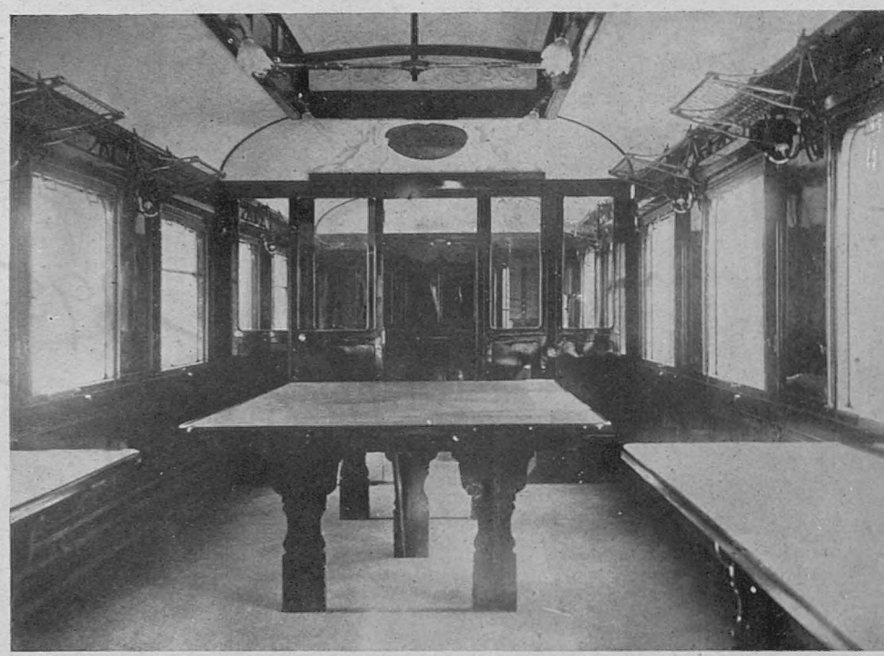
And now here they began to arrive, in black prison uniform, without boots, begging for bread, filthy, long-haired, emaciated. In fact, impossible to imagine they had once been the same as the fit and rosy Tommies who brought them succour.

Gradually, the troops learnt of other reasons for the Six Days' Stand-still. There was to be an excess of spit and polish in order to maintain discipline—already some imagined they could do anything now that the war was won. Again, the immense process had begun of each army assembling its supplies after three months of constant movement, while there was the no less colossal task of billeting a million men in new surroundings. Quite a job, also, was the checking of the civilian population, removing the black-listed. And from dawn to dusk there continued the joint business of exploding trick mines left behind on all sides, and of building over demolitions for the advance at the end of the week.

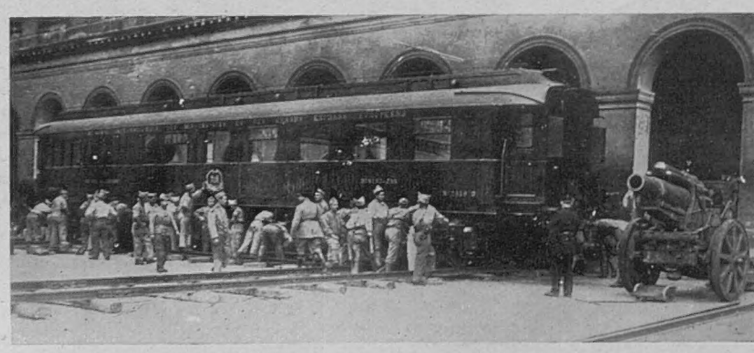
Before that time, too, we should have to check most of the arms and material stacked under the control of German officers all over the areas ahead. And the enemy would have had a breathing-spell in which to put fifty miles between himself and the Allied vanguards.

Should the vanquished of twenty-five years ago have been allowed to make themselves scarce in this safe and confortable manner? To enter into such matters would, perhaps, spoil these notes, patchy as they are. Reflections on how that follow-up of November 1918 might have been better exploited had airborne troops existed are more tempting, but are likewise resisted.

(Another article dealing with the Coming of Peace, by Mr. Charles Graves, will be found on page 218.)



THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED. It was renewed three times before the Allied peace terms were presented to the German delegates on May 7, 1919. Thereafter the carriage became a treasured possession of the French nation



AFTER THE ARMISTICE ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, the carriage in which it had been signed was installed at the Invalides in Paris. In 1940, after the Fall of France, Hitler insisted on its removal to Germany for the purpose of dictating *his* peace terms to the French. The carriage is still in Germany

WHAT FASCISM HAS MEANT FOR MANY UNFORTUNATE ITALIANS: Political prisoners seated on their beds of stone just before their release by A.M.G. from the isle of Favignana, where they had been confined for offences against the former Fascist Government of Italy

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PRISON. Prisoners, after liberation, waiting with their luggage for the boat which was to take them back to Sicily and freedom

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS EMBARK, carrying their few remaining possessions, after years of exile and captivity on Favignana

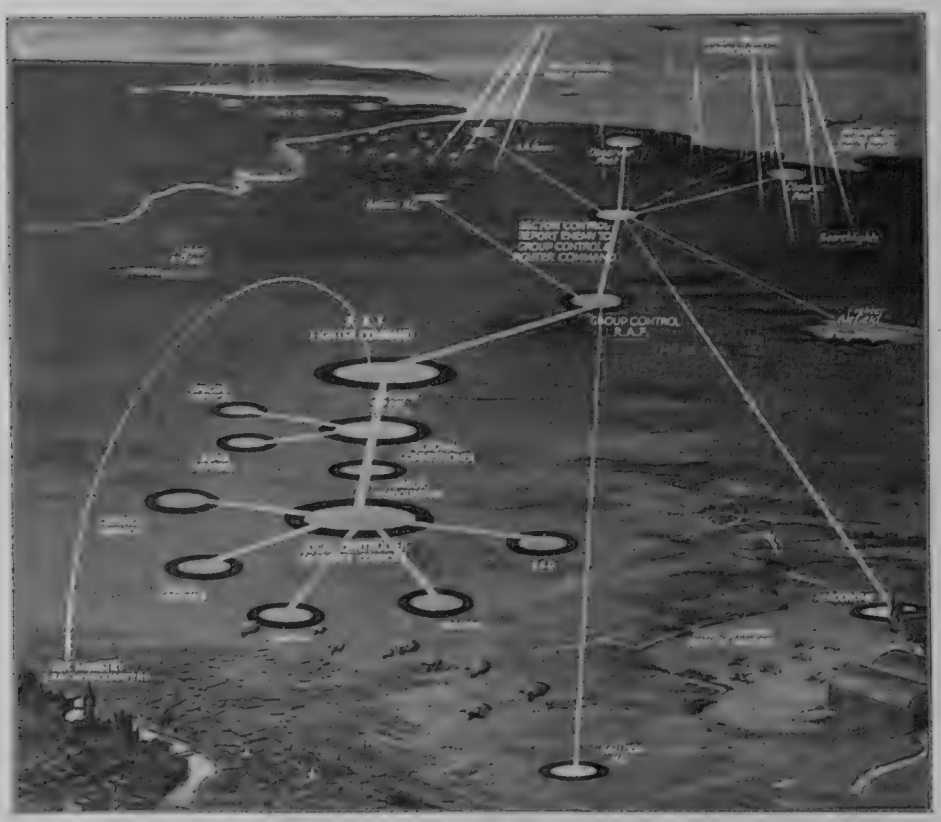
THE VICTIMS OF FASCISM

Political Prisoners of the Mussolini Regime Liberated by the Allied Military Government from the Island of Favignana

Favignana is a small island, of only 8 square miles, which lies off the north-west coast of Sicily. It is one of the notorious "prison islands," where victims of Fascist persecution and political opponents of the Mussolini regime were incarcerated. How many thousands of men were sent to these grim islands will probably never be known: some of the prisoners had been confined for years, in the most primitive and heartbreaking of conditions; some of them had died in captivity. After our occupation of Sicily and Southern Italy, A.M.G. soon got to work to release all who were in gaol on these tiny islets for political reasons. The pictures here were taken on Favignana as many of the men were being taken back by boat to Sicily for liberation from the Fascist tyranny.

On right—LEAVING THE "CASA DI RECLUSIONE" ON FAVIGNANA for the boat back to the mainland

THE LONDON NIGHT RAIDER NOW FLIES AT THE "SAFEST" HEIGHT before coming down to drop his bombs from about 15,000 ft. By coming in through cloud the raider can remain hidden, and the defending barrage has to be put up largely by predictor: as the bomber comes in at some 25,000 ft. he encounters less gun fire at this height; but his bombing is consequently more erratic—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



HOW THE WARNING OF APPROACHING ENEMY AIRCRAFT GOES TO EVERY DEPARTMENT

The first warnings received by patrol ships and shore Observer Posts are transmitted first to Sector Control, then to Group Control; thence, to left and right, go messages to Fighter airfields and anti-aircraft guns. From R.A.F. Group Control the balloons are warned; these give a message to Fighter Command, who issue colour-signal warnings to the Regional Commissioner of Civil Defence. On go the warnings to all special services and to Group Headquarters; and to the Local Controller who issues warnings to the casualty services, the wardens, and other bodies. Over this Civil Defence group is seen passing a link between the Air Ministry, R.A.F. Headquarters and Fighter Command

The Renewed AIR ATTACKS on LONDON

And the New Form of German Raids by Means of High-speed Fighter-bombers—*Special Sphere Drawings*

After the marked bombing lull during the months of July, August and September, the enemy resumed his night raids against London during the opening days of October. But with the new campaign came a new, or different, technique. In place of the heavy bombers of the "blitz," smaller and faster fighter-bomber types were used, to enable the German machines to run in at a very high speed and a high altitude. Heights of 20,000 to 30,000 ft. have been mentioned. The raiders have been coming in above the cloud ceiling and, by dead reckoning, were able to calculate their position as being somewhere over London. The huge size of the city gives the bomber the chance of hitting something although the proportion of open space to buildings in the London area is such that blind bombing is not always the most successful.

These fast German craft come tearing over certain parts at high speed; they can be heard, but often remain unseen, by the anti-aircraft watchers, gunners and searchlight crews below. When the aircraft remains hidden, owing to height or cloud, the gunners do not have that joyous sensation of seeing an invader "coned" in the searchlights; it is the heartiness of the gunners on these occasions which has accounted for the showers of "shrapnel" which punctuate roofs and greenhouse glass in the London area.

It is possible that Londoners were somewhat surprised at this renewal of bombing and its new method. A three months' lull is a long time—and predictor calculations have to be made with terrific speed, searchlight and gun crews have to be on their toes, and the question of the fastest possible night fighter has to be reviewed. But all these things quickly fall into line, and London's A.A. Defences have already risen to defend the city against what are really "nuisance raids," probably based on our own Mosquito tactics over Berlin. The incendiary now being dropped by the Germans is naturally not the simple affair which London

On right—**THE DIFFICULTY OF COMBATING THE FAST-FLYING RAIDER OVER LONDON, owing to its greatly increased speed**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

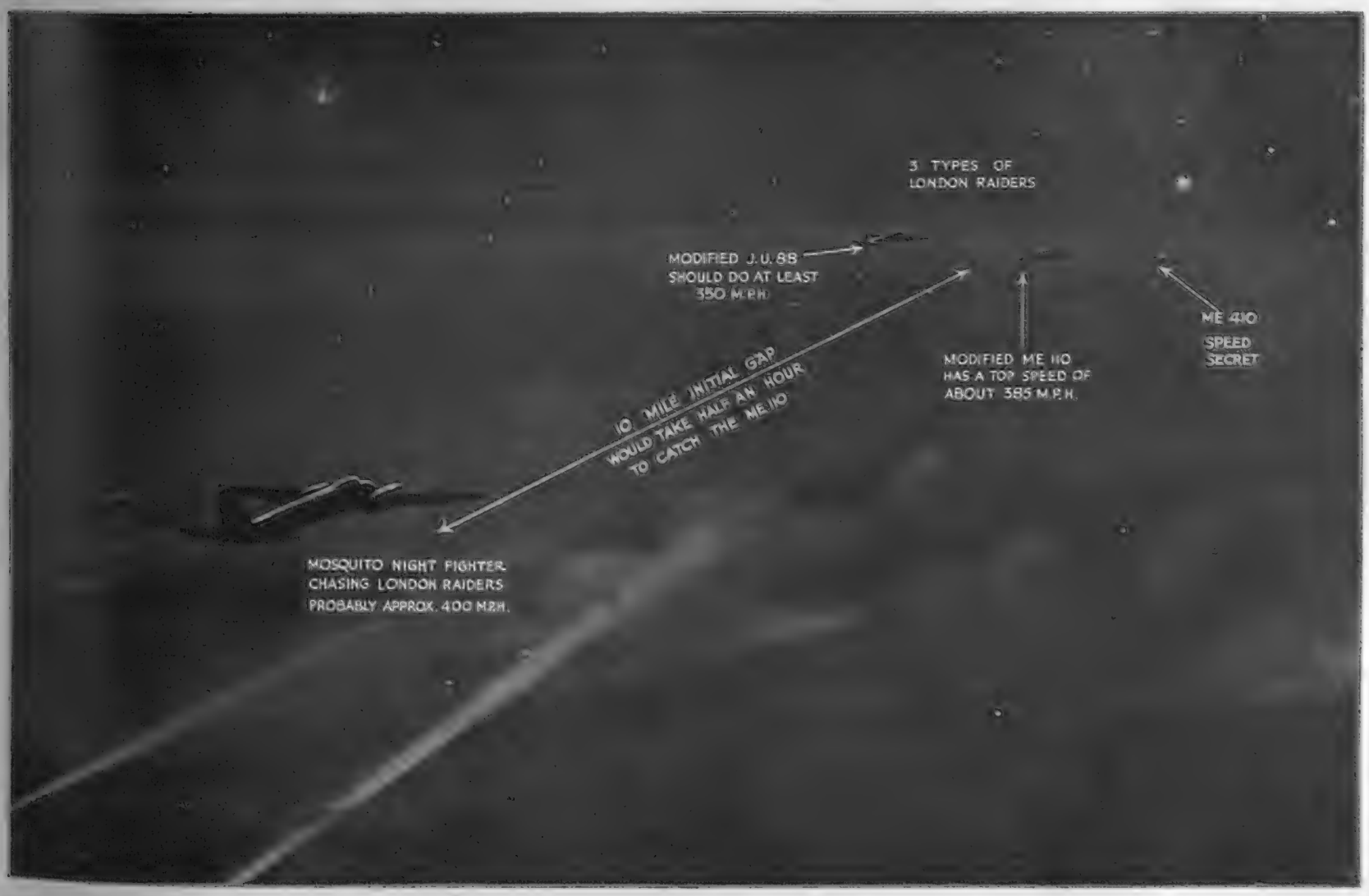
In place of the comparatively slow bomber of the 1940-1941 blitz, the Germans are now sending over fast fighter-bombers. These come in at high speed, dive down to drop their bombs, and continue over London at such a rate that only the very fastest night fighter—such as the Mosquito—can hope to catch them. The arithmetic of this problem is stated in the drawing, which also indicates the three types of German aircraft now being used in the London night raids

HOW ENEMY AIRCRAFT ARE DETECTED OVER BRITAIN. A Royal Observer Corps centre at work. At such points the course of every aircraft, hostile or friendly, is plotted on the Operations Table. Information is received at the Centre by telephone line from a network of Posts carefully sited all over the neighbourhood. From the Centre all news is passed on to Fighter Command, and constant check is thereby kept of the development of raids. On information from Royal Observer Corps centres, too, crippled British aircraft are "homed," pilots are fished out of "the drink" and sirens are sounded

first experienced. Nearly all modern H.E. bombs have increased blasting power, too. In dealing with the new type of raider, the A.T.S. largely participate. It is they who frequently have to obtain its height and speed—the two factors which have to be fed to the predictor, which then gives the position in advance of the plane at which the gunner aims. It is not necessary for a shell to hit a raider in order to bring it down. An explosion 70 to 100 ft. away is almost certain to send the raider crashing.

PLOTTING THE COURSE OF EVERY AIRCRAFT on the Operations Table at a Centre of the Royal Observer Corps

THE MAN WHO COMMANDS BRITAIN'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN BATTERIES: General Sir F. A. Pile explaining the details of a 3·7-in. gun to Lieut. de Villiers. Field-Marshal Smuts' daughter is an officer in the South African Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Recently she visited mixed gun sites of the Anti-Aircraft Command: her guide was Sir Frederick Pile, who commands them all, and with whom she is seen in the picture above



HOW THE GERMANS ARE TRYING TO COUNTER THE MASSED RAIDS OF THE BIG AMERICAN FORTRESS BOMBERS: The new "rocket planes," used by the Nazis for the first time at Schweinfurt, and the new "silver discs" which the enemy have produced in an attempt to fend off the raiders. (Note.—In connection with the "rocket plane," no particular type has yet been mentioned, beyond that the aircraft is a big one: therefore our artist has here indicated a Heinkel four-engined plane.) See also notes below—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

MORE ABOUT THE FLYING FORTRESS

With Details About the Enemy's New Methods of Attack

—Special Sphere Drawings

The U.S. Secretary for War (Mr. Henry Stimson) has disclosed that the loss of sixty Flying Fortresses during the big raid on Schweinfurt in October was partly due to the use by the Germans of their new "rocket planes." Details about these are, of course, not forthcoming from the enemy; but it would appear that the new type is a large aircraft which flies out of range of the bombers and fires large rockets at the compact formation in which Fortresses invariably fly when carrying out a long-distance mission by daylight. The object of the "rocket planes" is to break up these formations so that the fighters can then dive in and attack the bombers one by one.

Shortly after the announcement concerning the "rocket plane," details were published of another new German weapon. This is the "silver fire"—clusters of whitish phosphorescent discs dropped by German planes on to the bomber formations. One such cluster, on striking a Fortress, instantly enveloped it in flames. No one in Washington is yet prepared to discuss how the trick is done or what countermeasures can be taken.

In addition to the "rocket plane" and "silver fire," the U.S. War Department has added that the Germans are using other devices: these include rocket guns—now being used from the ground as well as from the air—radio-controlled "glide-bombs," reported to have been used against surface targets (but not so far against aircraft); and new aerial time-bombs, which have been dropped by German planes on Allied bombers

***Above and on right*—HOW THE FORTRESS BOMBERS FLY IN CLOSE FORMATIONS when carrying out their attacks by daylight over Germany**

The two pictures given here were both taken during a raid on Stuttgart: that above was taken during the flight out to the target; that on the right just over the target area, as flak bursts ahead of the four leading planes. Fortresses fly together in large numbers, and always in formation. These formations are built up in elements of three bombers, and every squadron of six has a "first reserve," a "Fort" flying at the rear ready to step in and close up the formation again should one of the squadron be shot down. The bombers fly so close that sometimes their wings actually overlap. Most of them fly at different heights, the elements being "stacked up" from front to back and from centre to side. It has been stated that it is one of the most strenuous jobs in the world for a Fortress pilot to keep proper formation whilst on a bombing mission

A FIRST PICTURE OF THE AVRO YORK, THE TRANSPORT VERSION OF THE BIG LANCASTER BOMBER. It is thought that this four-engined monoplane will play a large part in post-war aviation: its fuselage has been designed specially for passenger- and freight-carrying, and it can carry fifty persons for short distances

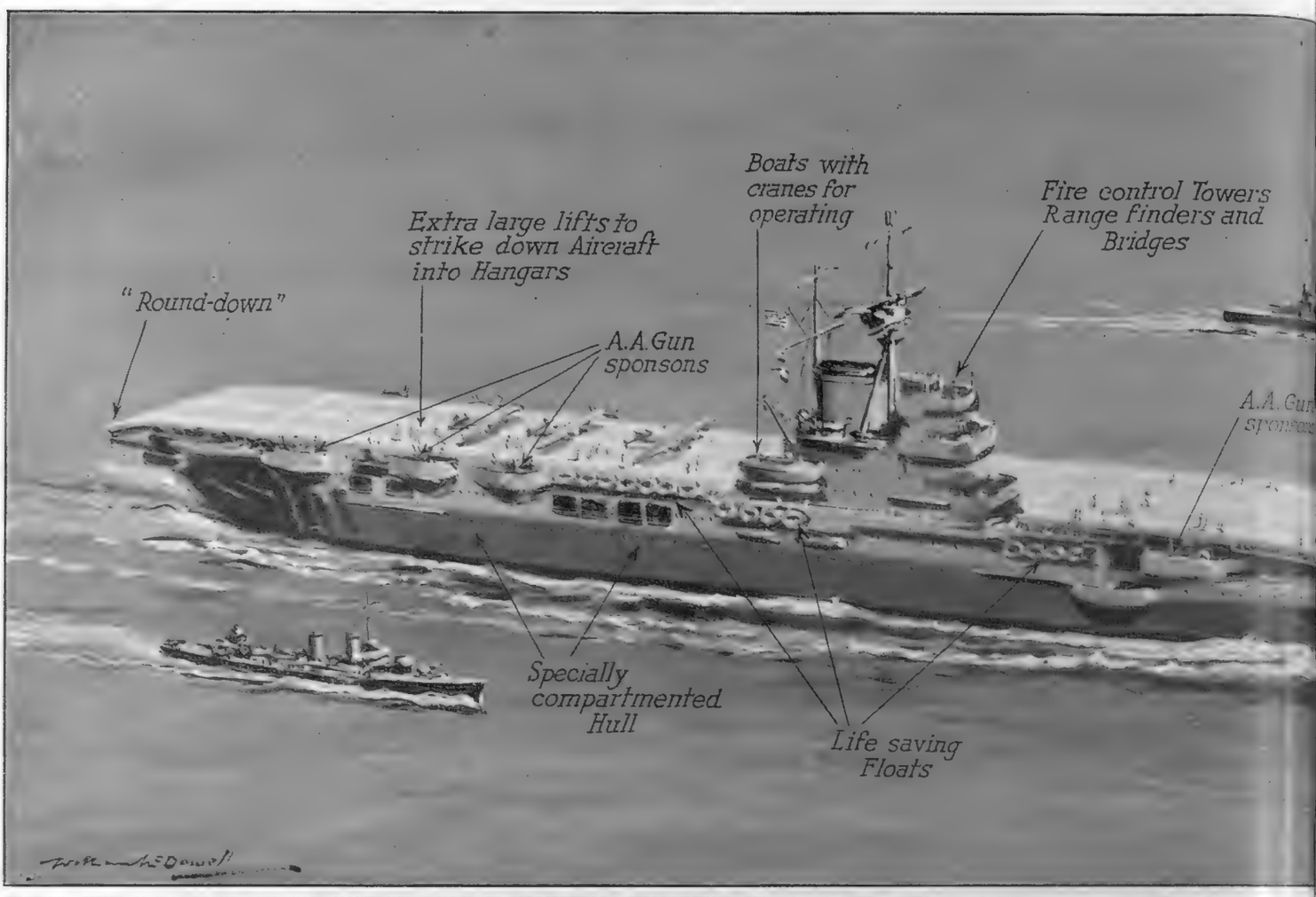
The York has a wing span of 102 ft. and an overall length of 78 ft.: in externals, the main points of difference between the new aircraft and the Lancaster, on which it is based, are the shape of the fuselage (specially designed for passenger- and freight-carrying) and the introduction of a triple-fin unit. In each aircraft, the design of the individual fin and rudder is similar, and the wings and engine nacelles of the York were designed originally for the Lancaster. The York is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines. When employed over comparatively short distances, it is capable of carrying more than fifty passengers, but it may be used for either short or long journeys, and can be adapted readily as conditions require to take passengers and freight—or freight alone

THE NEW "CHIN TURRET" which is now being fitted to the nose of the latest-type Flying Fortresses. Rolling off the assembly lines in California is a new and deadly type of Fortress. It is equipped with a remote-control, powered "chin turret" in which are installed two 50-calibre machine-guns. This has been located directly beneath the bomb-aimer's compartment: it was added to protect the American bombers from enemy fighters, who have been taking advantage of this one vulnerable spot by making head-on attacks

THE FOX-TERRIER WHICH FLIES WITH AN AMERICAN MARAUDER PILOT—*Drawing by Rolana Davies*

Salvo is a fox-terrier pup who flies in a Marauder medium bomber and bales out from 1,500 ft. He belongs to Second Lieutenant R. Fletcher, of Cleveland, Ohio, bombardier-navigator in *Jezabelle*, stationed at Andrews Fields, and is the only mascot the crew of the bomber have had in this country. This high-flying pup has nearly 300 hours in the air to his credit, and has been as high as 18,000 ft. He flies a good deal over Britain; but, in addition, he has been on operational flights over Occupied Europe. He is a more experienced jumper than his master, for he has been induced to bale out three times to test his specially made parachute, while Second-Lieutenant Fletcher has yet to make his first jump. Apparently, Salvo does not mind his novel aerial experiences!

A HEAD-ON VIEW OF A FLYING FORTRESS TAXI-ING UP THE RUNWAY FOR ITS TAKE-OFF. The aircraft is armed with twelve (and sometimes thirteen) machine-guns, for which it carries 6,250 shells (weighing 17 cwt.), besides its bomb-load of 2,000-lb. "block-busters." Normally, a crew of ten is carried, and the aircraft can be defended from every possible angle against fighter attack. It can carry up to nearly 2,500 gallons of petrol, which gives it the necessary range for the longest flights to the very heart of Germany



THE U.S. NAVY IS TO BEGIN BUILDING GIANT NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS OF 45,000 TONS. This drawing shows the probable appearance of the vessels, and how the installations on board will be made in a specially compartmented hull—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The decision of the American Navy to build giant carriers (recently announced by Colonel Frank Knox, who stated that the construction of two of the three vessels was beginning immediately) is significant of the probable trend of the war against the Japanese. The projected vessels are reported to be of 45,000 tons, to operate multi-engined bombers from the flight deck: as the latest British aircraft-carriers are of the order of 23,000 tons, with a flight deck of 760 ft. in length and 96 ft. wide, the great increase will mark a striking advance in carrier design and will reflect the new strategic outlook. To operate a multi-engined bomber requires not only a long take-off—to allow the aircraft to lift a heavy bomb-load—but also a proportionately greater width of flight deck. The new U.S. craft will probably have a flight deck of about 900 ft. by 120 ft.

The drawing above shows the probable appearance of the new 45,000-ton ships, their size being indicated by a comparison with the escorting destroyer and cruiser. In general appearance, it may be found that the U.S. carriers will not be unlike the existing British vessels, having the superstructure and funnel set off on the starboard side. Colonel Knox has stated that each ship should not take more than a year to build. They will be known as C.V.B.s, and both in armament and in armour they will be better protected than any carriers have been; and they will have the further protection of greater speed. New types of planes will probably be ready for the carriers when they go into battle. One interesting feature will be the careful compartmentation which will enable them to take a great deal of under-water punishment

ONE OF THE HARDEST-WORKED DESTROYERS IN THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. "Fury," of the 1,350-ton Fame class, back in home waters

H.M.S. *Fury* has seen service in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, off the coast of West Africa, North Russia and the Levant, and she has now steamed over 225,000 miles since the war began. Besides her ordinary duties with the Fleet (which have included Dakar, the bombardment of Genoa, the invasion of Sicily and Italy, the surrender of the Italian Fleet and operations off Norway and in the North Sea), she has been employed in Malta and North Atlantic convoys. In particular, the operations in the Mediterranean this year have called for many days' hard steaming at sea with the barest minimum of rest and time for maintenance. Nevertheless, H.M.S. *Fury* is still going strong—a fine recommendation for her engineers, who have had anything but an easy time.

After visiting H.M.S. *Fury* when she was in northern waters, a naval officer wrote: "It is difficult to realise what some ships endured during the bitter cold and the Arctic winter. The destroyer I visited had steam off her main engines for one day during a period of five consecutive weeks. At one time she spent ten and a half days continually at sea in foul weather, with the temperature round about zero, while frequently in action with submarines and aircraft. She carried seventy survivors from sunken merchant ships for eight days, which severely taxed her resources and already crowded living-spaces." It was of this destroyer that one of the stokers laughingly said to an officer: "We don't really steam this ship, sir. We carry her around on our backs."

ESCORTS FOR THE CONVOY: The new-type escort carriers, "Avenger" and "Biter," press on through stormy weather, with fighters ranged on their pitching flight decks as they make their way to North Africa. *(A picture from "Fleet Air Arm," just published)*

The two pictures reproduced here both come from *Fleet Air Arm*, prepared for the Admiralty by the Ministry of Information and available at 1s. 6d. The picture on the right was taken on January 10, 1941, just after the big aircraft-carrier *Illustrious* had been hit by German dive-bombers during a Malta convoy. The stores, stowed in the roof of the hangar below, are ablaze. The nearly red-hot deck is turning the water from the fire-hoses into steam. The after lift has been blown out by bomb hits. Six hours later the carrier reached Malta under her own steam.

THE "ILLUSTRIOUS" IS ON FIRE, her flight deck pierced by bombs in a heavy dive-bombing attack. She is west of Malta, escorting a convoy, on January 10, 1941. *(Another picture from "Fleet Air Arm")*

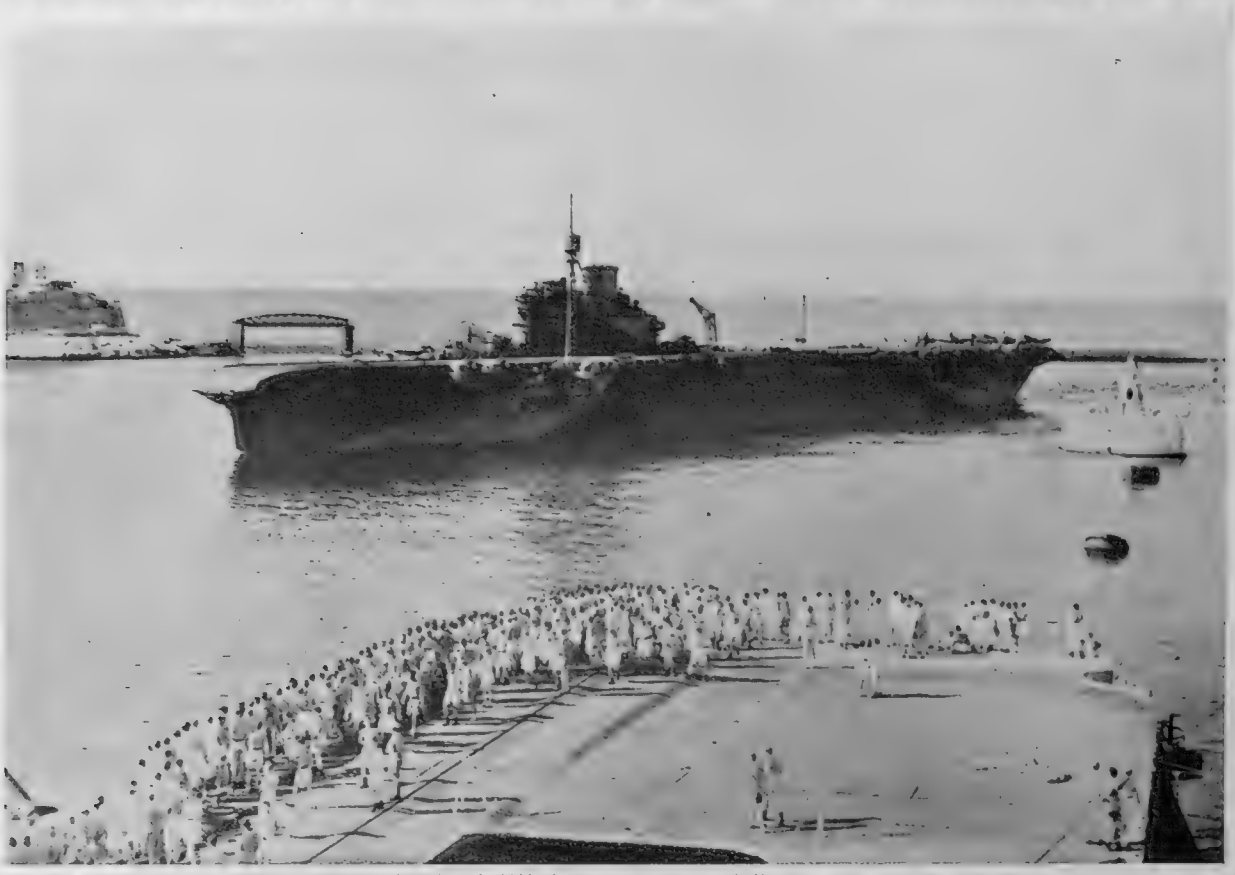
THE COMING OF THE GIANT CARRIER

A New Drawing of the Projected U.S. Vessels; and Other Drawings and Photographs of Some Famous Naval Vessels

A FAMOUS PRE-WAR OCEAN LINER WHICH HELPED IN TRANSPORTING TROOPS to the various battlefronts of the world: The "Queen Mary," is here seen packed with soldiers, at the beginning of one of her lightning voyages—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In 1942, the Germans claimed that they had sunk the great British liner, which operated as a troop transport in 1942. This claim was false; recently it was revealed that the *Queen Mary* had carried great numbers of troops to all the battlefronts of the war. On these voyages, the great liner made full use of her speed of 30 knots; and, day and night, whilst she was thus engaged, a small army of men scanned the sea for Nazi aircraft or for hostile submarines. In the drawing reproduced here, the corvette which has escorted the vessel out of soundings turns back on the course while the giant liner, darkened from end to end, increases her speed and heads into the night with every deck tight-packed with troops. The *Queen Mary* is a quadruple screw vessel of 81,235 tons gross. She is 975 ft. in length, and 118 ft. in width: she was built in the year 1936 for the Cunard-White Star Company

The ROYAL NAVY in ACTION in the MEDITERRANEAN



THE BIG SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY RETURN TO MALTA. Into the Grand Harbour steams the 23,000-ton aircraft-carrier "Illustrious," whose aircraft helped to provide cover during the successful landings at Salerno. She formed part of the famous "Force H" which operated under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon Willis. This picture was taken from the flight-deck of H.M.S. "Formidable," a sister-ship, which also played a large part in the Salerno operations (*For an earlier picture of "Illustrious" under attack in 1941 see preceding page*)

THE BRITISH NAVY CARRIES OUT AN AUDA[illegible] Elb[illegible]

THE BATTLESHIP "RODNEY" AT ANCHOR IN VALETTA HARBOUR: This 34,000-ton warship was based on Malta during the time she carried out bombardments of Sicily and against enemy targets on the Italian mainland. During the Allied assaults at Salerno, "Rodney" formed part of "Force H," under Vice-Admiral Willis, which was responsible for covering the entire operation against possible attack by the enemy's surface forces. The great battleship has nine 16-in. guns, each of which fires a shell weighing about a ton; and twelve 6-in. guns, each firing 100-lb. shells. It is possible to fire her 16-in. guns at the rate of more than one round a minute: in the same period the 6-in. guns can each fire ten rounds. This picture was taken from H.M.S. "Formidable," some of whose aircraft may be seen ranged on the deck in the foreground

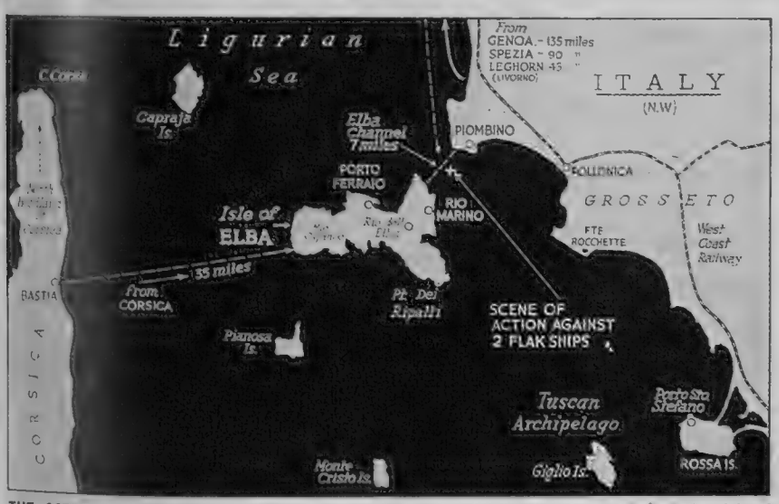
The Royal Navy's command of the Mediterranean is now absolute. All reports coming from that area confirm it. Allied ships, big and little, seem able to roam at will within waters which, only a few weeks ago, were dangerous in the extreme: the surrender of the Italian Navy, and the proximity of aircraft bases from which British planes can maintain reconnaissance patrols, have completely altered the whole aspect of warfare in the waters which so recently were claimed by Mussolini as *his*.

Nevertheless, near the Italian mainland, in the northern part of the country, the Germans remain in force: to approach the coast, therefore, is a hazardous business. But the "Mosquito Fleet," composed of light units of the Royal Navy, do not hesitate to harass the coastline far to the north of our existing battlefront—even as far north as Genoa. Between that city and Rome, the R.A.F. patrol by day and the "Mosquito Fleet" by night.

In these waters lies the island of Elba, where Napoleon was imprisoned during his exile from France from May 5, 1814, to February 26,

Below—ANOTHER SCENE AT MALTA: Sixteen of the Italian submarines which recently surrendered lying at anchor in the harbour

IOUS AND DRAMATIC ACTION IN ENEMY WATERS OFF THE ITALIAN SHORES. The scene during the engagement, as light craft fought two German flakships in the Channel, the seven-mile strait between "Napoleon's Island" and the mainland, and destroyed them—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



THE SCENE OF THE NAVAL ACTION depicted in the large drawing above: The island of Elba and its relation to the Italian mainland and to the island of Corsica—*Special* Sphere *map*

1815. Between it and the coast of Italy is the Elba Channel, seven miles wide: beyond it lies Corsica, some thirty-five miles away. Here a most audacious action was fought recently, when the Canadian commander of a British naval vessel sank two enemy flakships in the very early hours of morning while enemy searchlights hunted his small destroyer and coastal batteries tried to sink him with shells.

"Both flakships were sunk in a few minutes," said a gunnery officer who took part. "It was an unforgettable sight, the Elba channel criss-crossed with searchlights and the sky scarlet with tracer bullets. The channel is only seven to eight miles wide, and the enemy evidently did not expect us to venture in. We attacked from a hundred yards, closing to fifty: following two broadsides the first ship went down within five minutes. The noise of the action raised the alarm ashore, and out came the E-boats. But we eluded them in the darkness, dodging the searchlights and gunfire. Then, when the chase subsided, we turned in and attacked the second flakship. This time everyone was alert, and the Germans returned our fire. But our gunners got their ship, and she, too, went down within five minutes."

Probably included in the Mediterranean "Mosquito Fleet" are some of the Hunt class of "pocket destroyers." These are newcomers to the Royal Navy, all except two having been laid down in 1939, and many being completed in 1940. Their displacement is but 904 tons and their speed 27½ knots. They carry 4-in., and smaller, guns. Life on board, in necessarily cramped quarters, may not be so pleasant as on the bigger destroyers, but the crews for these small ships are specially selected. And what they lose in comfort they frequently make up for in excitement!

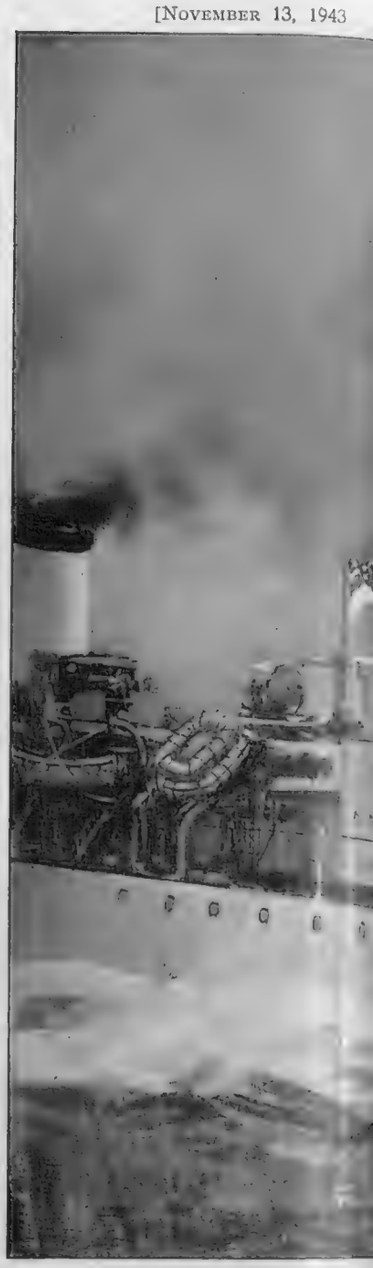
LIFE ON BOARD A BRITISH CRUISER: During the escort of a convoy through the Bay of Biscay, a Royal Marine broadcasts by bugle at the change of watch. His call is made from the bridge: it is sent through the loud-speakers installed in all the bigger men-of-war, and is thus heard by every member of the ship's company

DAZZLE-PAINTING AT SEA

How the Navy's Colour Schemes for Ships are Scientifically Planned to Camouflage Them for Wartime Duties in Different Climates and Different Seas

THE PROTECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE OF THE BIG AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FORMIDABLE," a vessel of 23,000 tons, with a speed of 31 knots. The combination of dazzle paint, heavy sea, bad visibility and high speed would probably make the quick identification of this vessel difficult at sea

A BRITISH CRUISER AT HIGH SPEED, throwing up a big bow-wave and leaving a heavy wash at her stern. Again, dazzle-painting would help to render quick identification difficult



THE extraordinary dazzle-painting of ships, which was such a feature of the last war, was conspicuously absent from the earlier stages of the present. Recent photographs indicate a return to the practice for ships engaged on certain naval duties, but a study of the patterns used in the last war and in this indicates several significant changes—present dazzle schemes are simpler and bolder, and less rectangular than those of the last war. One destroyer recently seen, for example, had only six colour patterns on her hull, where her predecessors of the last war had fifteen or twenty.

Naval camouflage is naturally concerned with problems entirely different from those of the land camoufleur. The latter's task is usually to conceal some stationary object among a permanent background. His biggest foe is the camera-armed airman, who uses infra-red sensitive plates and makes at least two visits to try the effect of morning and evening light, in an attempt to probe the disguise.

Camera reconnaissance of this kind has little value at sea, for the obvious reason that ships are highly mobile. The most perfect photographs of a ship are of little value to her pursuers if the ship has changed her position a couple of hundred miles in the interval. The main naval tactical aim is to make recognition as difficult as possible. When warships sight one another at sea, their commanders naturally want to know exactly what they are up against. To know at least the class the opposing vessel belongs to is of immense importance, since this gives at once the answer to many anxious questions—what guns has she, and how are they grouped, what speed can she make and what armour she carries?

Since the clue to the right answer may depend on picking out some minor detail—whether the fore funnel of the stranger is fatter than the after funnel, or whether the compass platform is forward of the searchlight-tower or *vice versa*, the technique of dazzle-painting becomes clear—it is to break up the silhouette of the ship into a number of irregular fragments. Naturally, too, the colours are so chosen that besides disrupting the outline, they also tone as well as possible with the probable "background." The net result of a well-carried-out dazzle scheme is that at any distance, though one may be able to see that there is a ship, one will be quite unable to say what kind of ship—which is the important point.

Even in peacetime, and before dazzle-painting, the paint shades used on H.M. ships varied with the station to which they were assigned. Generally speaking, ships in tropical waters were painted in lighter shades than those serving in the north, and it is only reasonable to assume that the same consideration still carries weight when dazzle schemes are being planned. The predominating colours are usually the various shades of grey, green and blue, with yellow and brown figuring to a lesser extent.

A main principle is that no two adjoining areas should be in similar shades. A breaking strip of similar colour is always introduced to hinder the eye in its efforts to carry the outline from one section to another. Thus, the first few feet of the bows of the ship may be the ordinary naval grey, then a streak of much darker paint will rise from the waterline and reach up to the deck, and possibly half-way up some of the superstructure before descending waveringly to the waterline again. The same treatment is applied at intervals throughout the length of the ship.

Putting ourselves in the position of a hypothetical U-boat commander, catching a glimpse of the warship through a periscope, we are at the least given a good many anxious moments trying to calculate exactly what our opponent is.

A painted bow-wave may give him an entirely false impression of her speed, the dazzle pattern may make her seem much longer or shorter than she really is, so that the deflection given the torpedo, instead of being a careful calculation, is little more than guesswork. The probability of a miss, instead of a hit, on such occasions is obviously increased enormously. Similarly, the commander of an enemy surface ship is often kept in doubt whether the vessel opposed to him is a humble corvette, well inferior in hitting power and speed, or an up-to-date destroyer.

At sea, the artistic principle that any huge mass of colour in a landscape imparts something of its own hue to all the other shades present, is taken into account by the predominant grey-green colours in the dazzle-painting. The variation in shades provides the equivalent of the natural variation of the sea surface as the waves now catch the sunlight, and next the shade.

Ideas of dazzle-painting have altered tremendously since the last war. Perhaps nothing indicates the change better than a picture of an Italian merchantman seen at Gibraltar in 1917. The whole of the hull, painted a light green-grey, had been used as a "canvas" for a seascape in the best "icecream-barrow" school of art. Launches were shown dashing about her stately flanks, and the whole effect was a source of the greatest pride to her skipper.

—W. J. S.

THIS IS H.M.S. "NEWARK," former U.S. destroyer of the "flush-deck" type of 1,020 tons. The smaller ships of the Navy are also camouflaged by dazzle-painting

THROUGH THE RAIN-SQUALL, OFFICERS ON THE LOOK-OUT ON THE HUNT CLASS DESTROYER "CHIDDINGFOLD" (in the foreground of the drawing) try to identify a strange vessel which comes into view fitfully, until the rain-squall passes, when the puzzle resolves itself into a destroyer so painted that, in certain lights, her appearance is entirely camouflaged—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

When visibility is poor, the puzzling effects of dazzle-painting naturally become enhanced. Mr. Dawson has here depicted a very strange encounter at sea at a moment when a sudden squall has reduced visibility to a very low point. The look-out on a small British destroyer (presenting the characteristic boxed stern of the Hunt class) is suddenly confronted with a difficult problem in identification, at a moment when identification is a matter of the first importance. Funnels, masts and general hull outline usually indicate a vessel's fighting value; but here is an entire absence of line to reveal her type. There is certainly a twin-gun turret forward, backed by a bridge structure; but towards the stern there is just a medley of odd shapes and shadows—the result of the work of the camouflage experts in the shipyard

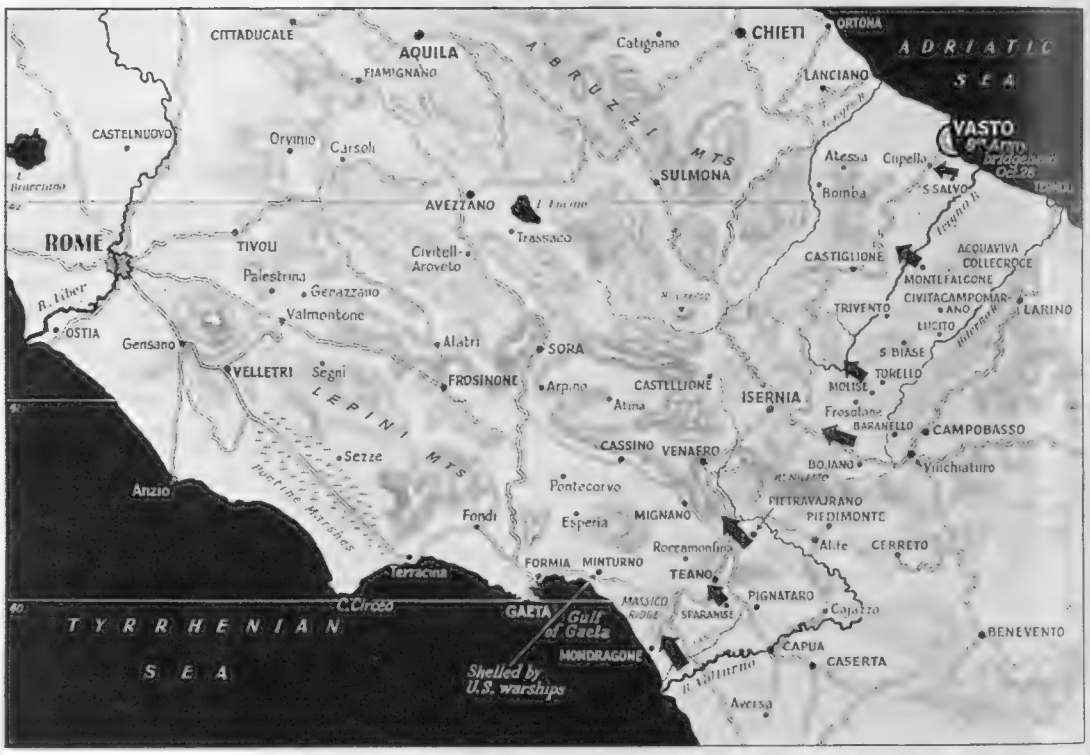
H.M.S. **"FROBISHER," cruiser of 9,860 TONS, ON ESCORT DUTY WITH AN ALLIED CONVOY. Her camouflage has been designed with great effectiveness, and with due regard to her considerable length of 565 ft., the nature of the duties on which she is normally employed and her speed of 29½ knots**

HOW THE TANKS CROSSED THE VOLTURNO. The Shermans were too heavy for the pontoon bridges and had to "swim" the river—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

At the point where the heaviest British tanks had to cross, the water was fully 5 ft. deep. But the temporary pontoon bridge was not robust enough to carry them, and so they forded the Volturno in the manner depicted above. They came to the muddy banks of the river, slithered down into the water and then thrust across the stream: midway, the water flowed almost up to their turrets, but they got through safely. Beyond the Volturno lies an area of dykes and marshes, so that it is not unlikely that this crossing may have been the first of many such!

HOW THE CAMPAIGN PROGRESSES IN ITALY

Special Drawings by "Sphere" Artists of Scenes with the Fifth and Eighth Armies



THE ALLIES ARE ALREADY TO THE NORTH OF ROME! This map shows the two areas illustrated in the drawings reproduced on the right—the Baranello and Teano sectors

Below—**OUR GUNS AND MOTOR-VEHICLES CROWD THE ROADS AT NIGHT nose to tail, and move freely with lights on under our night-fighter protection**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Clear evidence of the manner in which the Allied Air Forces have been protecting our rearward supply lines is provided by the fact that our convoys now proceed along the Italian roads at night with head and tail-lights on. There has been little, if any, fear of attack, so efficient has been the night defence. The various vehicles of a convoy may keep as close as safety in driving will permit. This means that if the road is in good condition, and free of demolitions, the whole convoy can proceed at a fair rate of speed. And speed has been necessary very often during the recent weeks of the campaign. Supplies of all kinds are wanted by the forces, spare parts of every description, as well as fresh supplies of ammunition, food and special clothing. There are not too many ports functioning freely: when the tons of material do get sorted out, they are sure to be overdue at their destinations. Hence the necessity for rapid transport by day and by night

ON THE RIGHT OF THE ALLIED LINE: THE ADVANCE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY OVER THE MOUNTAIN RIDGES OF THE APENNINES TOWARDS ISERNIA. The scene during the fighting for Baranello, on the slopes overlooking the valley which leads down to Bojano (on left), by British forces coming from Campobasso (see *key map reproduced on the left*)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Baranello is a strategic centre which commanded the whole of the German defence system on the northern slopes of the Apennines. It is now in the hands of the Eighth Army, after a strong thrust from the base at Campobasso in the direction of Isernia. In the drawing by Mr. Whitaker above, Monte Miletto is seen on the extreme left, towering above the town of Bojano, which lies in the valley. Far away in the middle distance lies the city of Isernia; stretching from the centre foreground away to the right is Baranello, perched on one of the mountain ridges. British troops coming up from Campobasso threatened the flank of the Germans, who were striving to hold our thrust towards Isernia. Fierce fighting took place in deteriorating weather, and eventually Baranello was captured—at almost the same moment when the Fifth Army was making another forward thrust in the Teano area (see *drawing below*)

ON THE LEFT OF THE ALLIED LINE: WITH RAIN TURNING THE VALLEY INTO A QUAGMIRE, the Fifth Army in the Teano area penetrates the Upper Volturno Valley around the foot of the Monte Miletto, occupying Alife and Piedimonti d'Alife (see *key map on left-hand page*)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In this drawing Monte Miletto lies to the right centre in the background. Half-way up is Piedimonti d'Alife, with Alife in the flat ground below (to the left centre). Away to the left, dimly perceptible in the Scotch mist, is the town of Dragoni. Throughout this region the river has flooded the meadows, and the interminable rains have converted the whole countryside into a quagmire through which forward progress has been difficult. Around Alife Kesselring was reported to be using artillery, armour and his best infantry. To no avail, however, because the Fifth Army swept on and were able to capture all their objectives at the same time as the Eighth Army were assaulting Baranello

HOW OUR SOLDIERS ARE FARING IN ITALY

Scenes of "Social Life" Among the Friendly Civilian Population in the Country Districts Through which the Armies are Now Passing

EIGHTH ARMY WINTER QUARTERS IN THE FIELD: or the Tale of Two Men in a Tub. Heavy rains on the Termoli front have made living conditions difficult and damp. But the ingenuity of the Eighth Army campaigner has been equal to the occasion. These men found two gigantic wine barrels, and converted them into more or less comfortable quarters. Other lesser-sized barrels were used for the storage of their equipment and cooking apparatus

THE R.A.F. IN ITALY "POSTS EARLY" FOR CHRISTMAS: The Post Office at Foggia Airfield is already handling a great number of parcels from R.A.F. personnel in Italy to their friends and relatives in England. The men above are postmen of the R.A.F. Regiment sorting some of the mail outside the Post Office marquee on the edge of the airfield

WHAT THE WEATHER HAS DONE IN THE VOLTURNO AREA: A British 5·5 medium gun is almost marooned after heavy rain. Great pools of water lie everywhere, and the mud is thick and almost of the 1914-1918 Belgian variety

BRITISH TROOPS ASSIST IN GETTING IN THE HARVEST: A SCENE IN [illegible] regions

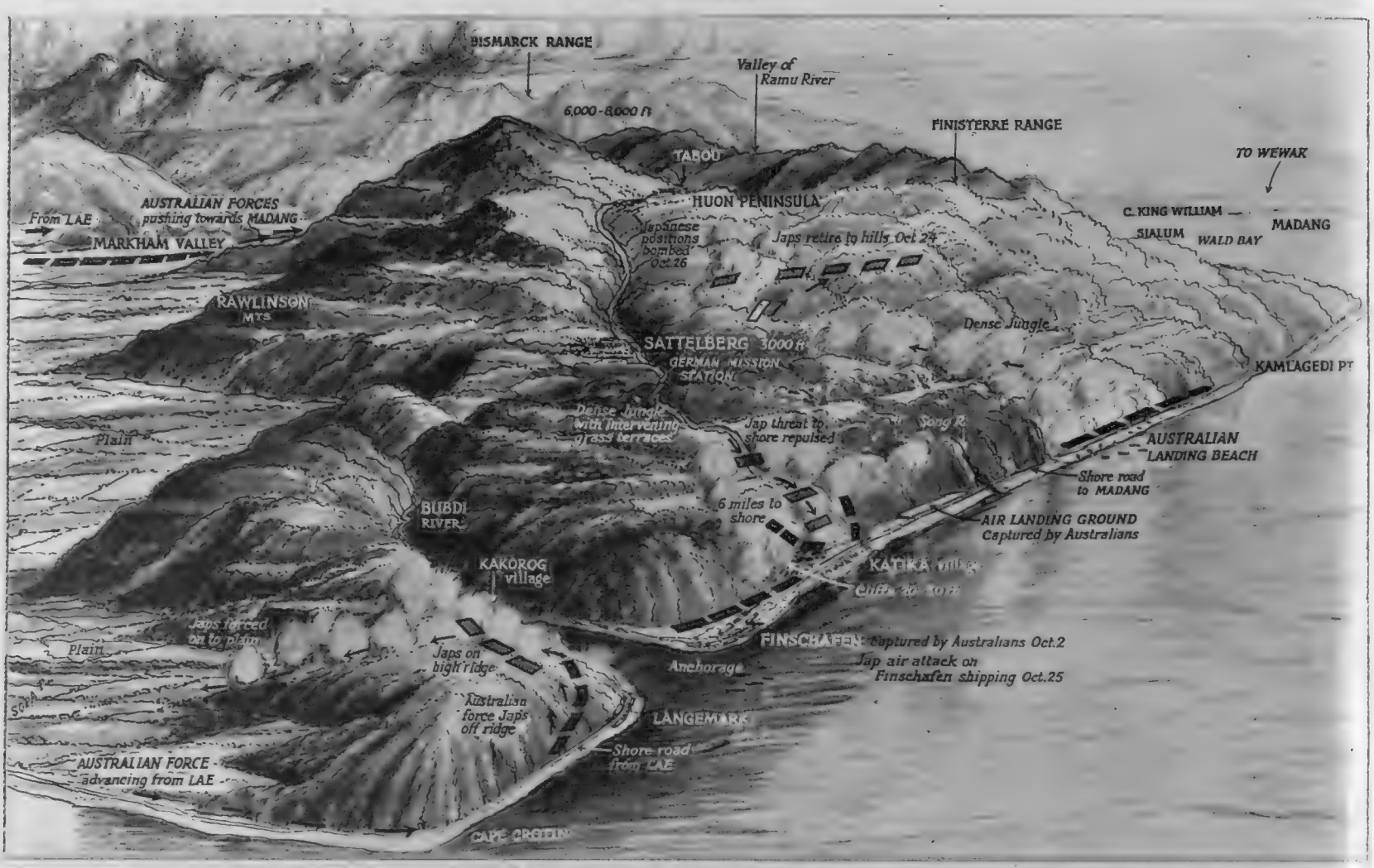
The two men wearing steel helmets are British soldiers of the Eighth Army who have been in the thick of the fighting from El Alamein onwards. The farmer they are helping is an Italian, a released prisoner of war: he, too, fought at El Alamein—on the side of the Axis—where he was wounded, captured, and then freed to return to his home in Italy

R.A.F. MEN FEED ITALIAN CHILDREN: Between 80 and 100 children are unofficially "on the strength" of an R.A.F. mess at an Italian airfield. Twice a day there is a properly organised parade of the youngsters, each of whom receives a small ration of food after the airmen have finished their meal. These organised parades developed after hungry children from houses near the camp began to gather outside the airmen's mess-tent in such numbers that their presence became an embarrassment. The airmen would not consider sending them away empty-handed, yet they could not be permitted to wander about the camp. It was decided to have two "parades" a day for the children. Under the direction of a local fisherman, the children now arrive together at fixed times and place their tins and plates on a low wall by the cookhouse. The youngsters—ranging in age from three to ten—generally receive porridge (and sometimes bacon or sausage) at the breakfast parade, and meat or fish, with a little vegetable and rice pudding, at the dinner-time distribution

THE MOUNTAIN AREA OF CENTRAL ITALY, where the small farmers have welcomed the presence of the soldiers. Such scenes as the above have been common in those where the British Army is now fighting the Germans—*Drawing (from photographic material) by Edward Osmond*

A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE THREE WAR CORRESPONDENTS KILLED IN ACTION AT SCAFATI—the scene at the graveside during the service: On September 28 War Correspondents Sale (Reuter), Munday (Australian Combined Press) and Austin (*Daily Herald*) were killed by enemy action at Scafati. A memorial service, in two denominations, Roman Catholic and Protestant, was held at their graves, and was attended by British and American War Correspondents attached to the Fifth Army. Many floral tributes were sent, one of which came from the G.O.C. of the Fifth Army, General Mark Clark

A RUSTIC SCENE IN CENTRAL ITALY. Men of the Eighth Army help the Italian farm-girls to press the grapes—a primitive method which is still pursued in the remoter country regions



WAR in the SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC

The Desperate Attempt of the Japanese to Recapture Finschafen is Frustrated—With a Special Sphere Drawing

WHERE THE JAPANESE FORCES STILL REMAINED IN THE HUON PENINSULA after their defeat around Finschafen, in New Guinea. The capture of the latter base did not lead to the rapid clearance of the peninsula. The Japs made desperate attempts to re-establish a point on the beaches, but were driven back to the dense jungle of the hills behind Sattelberg, to the north—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The capture of Finschafen on October 2 marked the successful termination of a campaign against the Japanese in the Huon Gulf area. Though a relatively small enterprise, with limited objectives, compared with the greater ones in Europe, it was nevertheless a brilliant example of victory gained by careful planning and timing, and general excellence shown by all sections of the forces engaged. The enemy soon withdrew to the southern side of the Bumi River, six miles from the landing beach, and about a mile from Finschafen anchorage. There they had prepared a strong defence.

The Australians made rapid progress from the landing beach, having the use of a good, coral-paved road, close to the shore, constructed by the Lutheran Mission, whose headquarters before the war was at Finschafen. The ground, covered with tall kunai grass or deep jungle, rose in terraces abruptly from the road. Side roads had to be cut through this, bulldozers doing marvellous work.

While the enemy was deceived into expecting a frontal attack on the Bumi River, the Australian commander planned a flanking movement on the heights, cutting through the jungle-covered hills. This involved tremendous effort on the part of the troops, who had to carry all their supplies, even down to water. But the Australians are now equal, if not superior, to the Japanese in this jungle warfare, and they succeeded in surprising the enemy. While the fighting was going on, the main Japanese garrison of Finschafen was slipping away, in small groups, up to the hills in the north. For more than two weeks no news came of the scattered Japanese forces, but at the end of that time it became evident that they had concentrated in the hills to the north-west of Sattelberg, about six miles to the north of Finschafen, where the Lutheran Mission had erected a sanatorium. From this area they suddenly made a determined effort to reach the coast, near the original Allied landing. At first they had some success, retaking the native village of Katika, about a mile from the sea, from which they were able to attack the beach with mortars, causing trouble to the dressing-stations there.

Three Japanese barges arrived, either with reinforcements and supplies, or for evacuation, but two were disabled by Allied gunfire and the third was driven off. Allied planes bombed the Sattelberg plantation area, occupied by the Japanese, while the fierce attacks made by the enemy on October 21 were all repulsed. The heavy guns of the Allies pounded the Japanese stationed along the Sisi Creek till the position became hopeless, and the enemy began to retire back to the hills. Their attempt to break through to the sea was a desperate effort, enforced by the shortage of their supplies, and the hope of escape by barges sent from Rabaul or Madang. They are now back among the hills, much reduced in numbers, and faced with the same problem of supplies, with their last hope gone of forcing a way to the sea on the south-east. With the occupation of Finschafen, the Allies gained an excellent harbourage, having deep water, and a full control of the Huon Gulf area.

While the Finschafen action had been taking place, another force of Australian troops had been advancing along the Markham Valley in the direction of Madang. Airborne troops had completely surprised the enemy by dropping down upon the grassy plain near Kaiapit, where, after a short, fierce fight, they had overcome the Japanese force and had seized the airfield, thus ensuring a safe ground for the supply planes. From Kaiapit the reinforced troops have advanced to Tumpu, a grassy plain 50 miles south of Madang. The Markham Valley is now entirely in Allied hands.

WHAT FIGHTING IN NEW GUINEA MEANS: An American, in the early morning, surveys what had been a dry area when he selected it the previous evening. Inches of rain fell during the hours of darkness

IN THE PACIFIC, WAR IS LARGELY A MATTER OF STEPPING FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND. This striking picture was taken above Marcus Island, one of the Jap island bases in the Pacific. It shows smoke rising from Jap planes and storage-tanks during a recent attack, when 80 per cent. of the enemy installations were destroyed from the air. Note the latest U.S. insignia on the wing-tip of the Avenger bomber

The FRENCH in OCCUPATION of the ISLAND of CORSICA

THE CORSICAN PATRIOTS ARE NOW ARMED WITH STEN GUNS AND RIFLES. These were supplied by the Allies and landed on the coast of the island by submarine before the Germans had left. The men above were amongst those who helped the French troops under the command of General Giraud to drive the enemy from the island

TWO R.A.F. RADIO OPERATORS—L.A.C. Peter Jeffcock (left) and L.A.C. Gerald Pottinger—leaving the house in Corsica in which the great Napoleon was born on August 15, 1769. The building is now a national monument

Since the departure of the Germans from the island of Corsica, inter-Allied co-operation in the air in that region has been very marked. Units of the French Air Force, flying British Spitfires, are now the most forward of the Allied squadrons operating against German-occupied Europe from Mediterranean bases. Their airfields—well north of the battle-line in Italy—are within only 50 miles of the Italian coast to the east and north-east, and within 100 miles of the coast of France to the north-west. The French units' ground crews (who were trained by the R.A.F. during the Tunisia campaign) have been equipped with American uniforms and overalls.

But that does not complete the story of the squadrons' international character, for serving with them are liaison officers of the U.S. Air Force and technicians and specialist officers of the R.A.F. The French pilots flew to the island in answer to a call for support from the people of Corsica who had risen against the Germans after the Italian armistice. Also co-operating with the French units are R.A.F. officers who landed on the island soon after the Germans had been driven out by the French Army and the Corsican partisans

ARMED WITH A BRITISH STEN GUN, a Corsican guerilla surveys Spitfires (manned by French pilots) drawn up on a Corsican airfield

FRENCH SPITFIRE PILOTS leaving their aircraft in Corsica after a flight over the Mediterranean

A HARVARD TRAINING PLANE, bearing American markings, flying over the rocky island coast on its way to Ajaccio, capital and chief port of Corsica

HOW PEACE CAME TO EUROPE IN 1918

A Record of the Events which led up to the Great German Collapse, and which may be Repeated Once Again . . . By CHARLES GRAVES

MANY people have been wondering why Goebbels, in his propaganda for home consumption, has insisted that the Allies expected Germany to collapse once again on November 9. To the British, November 11 is the operative date. But the reason why Goebbels picks November 9 is that this was the day on which the Kaiser abdicated in, ironically enough, the Hotel Britannique at Spa—Spa having been for the last six months of the war the luxurious headquarters of the German High Command.

Once again I have been going through the files of a great national newspaper to see what the public knew about events at the time. Through the courtesy of the Editor of the *Daily Mail* I have taken a number of notes from its files, beginning with November 11, 1918. These read interestingly enough when one remembers that Winston Churchill, in Volume II of his *World Crisis*, points out that it was on October 5, 1918, that Prince Max of Baden sent his Note to President Wilson asking for an armistice—well over a month before it was granted. This fact was, of course, unknown to the public, and, as the Prime Minister rightly says in his History, "those who choose the moment for beginning wars do not always fix the moment for ending them. To ask for an armistice is one thing; to obtain it is another. . . . Prince Max based himself on the Fourteen Points which in the name of Germany he accepted. The President replied on October 8, asking questions and demanding German withdrawal from invaded territory as a guarantee of good faith. On the 12th, Germany and Austria declared themselves willing to evacuate all invaded territory as a preliminary to an armistice. On the 14th the President enacted that there should be no negotiation with the Emperor. . . . During this correspondence, which Mr. Wilson was peculiarly fitted to conduct, and which promised to be lengthy, the Allied armies rolled forward all along the line in France. . . . The armistice, over which Hindenburg and Ludendorff had argued, wore by now the aspect of unconditional surrender. Ludendorff thereupon wished to fight on, declaring with truth that nothing could worsen the terms which Germany would receive. . . ."

That, then, was the inside information. As far as the public was concerned, the newspaper headlines on November 11 were that the Kaiser was in flight, was held by the Dutch, and was expected to be interned; that revolution had broken out in Berlin; that the troops had joined the Socialists; and that there were new armistice delays at Spa. It was further asserted that the Crown Prince had escaped with the Kaiser, Hindenburg and the General Staff. A column of brief news items headed "Revolt Incidents" included the statement that Nuremberg was in the hands of the revolutionaries; that the Soldiers' Council had taken military control; that there was some danger of the food for British prisoners of war in Germany not lasting more than a fortnight; and that the 5th Lancers and the Canadian troops under General Horne were outside Mons.

Lord Northcliffe had entertained the editor and staff of the Continental *Daily Mail* in the British Leave Club in the Place de la Republique on the previous day. In his speech, Lord Northcliffe pointed out that his position as Director of Propaganda in enemy countries would be terminated forthwith. "We have to some extent hastened the end," he continued, referring to the Ten Commandments for German women, the tenth being "Do not write complaining letters to the front, but warn your brothers, sons and husbands not to believe the enemy leaflets."

The headlines on November 12 were: "Germany surrenders; Allies to occupy the Rhineland; Fleet to be given up or disarmed; all U-boats, 2,000 aeroplanes, 5,000 guns, 5,000 locomotives, 150,000 railway trucks and all Allied prisoners and civilians to be handed over." There was also a vivid account of the drive of the King and Queen through the streets of London, together with the singing of the Old Hundredth and the National Anthem on the Stock Exchange.

Out in France, the first inkling the troops had of the sensational finish to the war was an order on the night of November 10 to stand by for a possible armistice next morning. "Troops will stand firm on positions reached at 11 a.m.," read one Corps order. "A line of outposts will be established and reported to Army Headquarters. The remainder of the troops will be collected to meet any demand. All military precautions will be preserved, and there will be no communication with the enemy. Further instructions will be communicated. Acknowledge." This order promptly raised a hue and cry about Cavalry patrols out in the blue which had to be recalled without delay. Similar difficulties to-day would be easily averted by military short wave.

In London, many a five-pound note was offered and refused merely for the use of a table at the Savoy and other big hotels, quite apart from the bill at the end of a meal. In the streets vast crowds yelled "Are we happy?", answering themselves with a gigantic "Yes!" "Have we won the war?" was another rhetorical question with the obvious reply.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1918. American troops in London in the Courtyard displaying a huge American flag, supported by U.S. sailors, and a smaller Union Jack. This was part of the parade which King George V and Queen Mary witnessed from the balcony in the presence of a vast concourse of Londoners

In Bavaria, the Workers' and Soldiers' Council had taken charge. In Munich in peacetime one could still see the traces of the bullets fired at the returning officers by the now-uncontrolled soldiery. I have always been told that his narrow escape at this time frightened Göring beyond anything that happened to him before or since, and made him determined to prove later that it was not the troops but the civilians who ran amok. Actually, of course, it was the troops.

There was no Amgot in 1918, and so attempts to feed the freed were negligible at first. The Germans maintained their brutality to the last, however, by firing a number of gas shells on 22,000 civilians cooped up in Mezieres and Charleville.

By November 13 the question of how to make Germany pay was already raising its head. According to Dr. Solf, the German Foreign Secretary at this epoch, there was a pressing danger of famine, and Germany was, in fact, at her last gasp. President Wilson took the common-sense view that starving men cannot repay, and agreed therefore to expedite food supplies. Paris had gone crazy. There were machine-guns in the Unter den Linden; hard-luck stories of British troops killed by the last shots of the war after having survived without a scratch since 1914; and the announcement by doctors that the armistice was the best possible tonic for the black 'flu, which was still claiming hundreds of victims.

On November 14 the public learned that the Allied Fleet was in Constantinople, and that the British Expeditionary Force was proceeding to the Rhine. King Albert was in Ghent, and there was some amusement at the belated release of the sinking of H.M.S. *Audacious* off Ulster on October 27, 1914. It was a "secret" which everybody knew, if only because the sinking had been witnessed by Americans who, not then being at war with Germany, promptly gave full descriptions throughout the American Press. Ebert now attempted to take control of the German internal situation, but the Spartacists were already in control in Bavaria.

Home news was the release of large quantities of nitrates and cattle-feed, and the setting up of an Appointments Department for about-to-be-demobilised men by the Ministry of Labour at Gresham House in Old Broad Street.

Next day King Albert reached Brussels, the Allies were marching into Alsace, Polish bands invaded Germany, and the British public were informed that the polling day for an immediate General Election was fixed for December 14. That evening, the *Daily Mail* gave a vivid account of a Labour demonstration in the Albert Hall, where the Red Flag was waved and there were shouts of "Hands off Russia!" Mr. Adamson, the principal speaker, said that Labour had played a glorious part in the war, at which—believe it or not—there was a storm of hissing and shouts of "More shame to it!"; while his references to the victorious conclusion of the war were greeted with boos.

On November 16 the surrender of the German Fleet was official, their naval Commander-in-Chief appearing at Rosyth. It was announced that sixteen dreadnoughts were to be interned at Scapa. The question of the Kaiser was still undecided. The Dutch said that he was technically a distinguished foreigner and not a soldier. As for the German propaganda machine, it still worked at top speed, cheering up the defeated nation with stories of ships of the Royal Navy bedecked with red flags off Wilhelmshaven; of King George having abdicated, and of Foch having been murdered.

A home news item was that a Handley-Page containing no fewer than forty-one passengers had made a flight over London; while Captain Arthur Payze, R.A.F., had become the first entrant for the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize for the first airman to fly the Atlantic. Oddly enough, prices on the Stock Exchange fell in every direction after a slight rise on November 12.

Next day the German Fleet sailed for Scapa, and J. M. N. Jeffries arrived in Vienna, the first British correspondent to achieve this. According to him, the troops wore so many cockades that they looked more like a bunch of football fans than the remnants of an army.

Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, speaking on health, houses and wages, announced that the air of Europe was quivering with revolution. As for the ex-Kaiser, he was now at Amerongen, but no news seemed to be percolating from Germany itself. Red-blooded revolution was no doubt responsible.

In the next three days the French had approached the Rhine; British prisoners of war were making their way back to our lines; Metz, Brussels and Antwerp had been reoccupied, while 450,000 tons of food per month were scheduled for Germany; and German officers, as part of the armistice terms, had to show our engineers where all the minefields had been laid (which will be more important than ever this time). The first twenty U-boats surrendered on November 21. There was chaos throughout Germany with our troops approaching the frontier. By December 2 the Allies were in Germany and the Cabinet announced its decision to press for the extradition of the Kaiser.

Let us hope that this time we will be more successful in laying hands on the chief perpetrator of the war, whatever Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey or other neutral country in which he takes sanctuary may say.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The FARMER on RAMSEY ISLAND

—And the Protection of Three Cambridgeshire Estates by the National Trust

FARMER GRIFFITHS, OF RAMSEY ISLAND, off the coast of West Wales, brings two horses to the island to help in the agricultural work. This means a two-mile swim from the mainland for the animals through very tricky currents

FOR HALF AN HOUR OR SO IN THE EVENING, Farmer Griffiths snatches the opportunity of hoeing in his garden, whilst his eight-year-old son lends a hand at weeding among the parsnips. There is no time to waste on Ramsey, every hour of the day being fully occupied with some special task

Farming on Ramsey Island may look picturesque—but it is no easy job. The island lies off the Pembrokeshire coast of South Wales; it is two miles long and has an area of 600 acres. Separated from the mainland by a comparatively narrow Sound of two and a half miles, this stretch of water is one of the trickiest and most treacherous around our coasts. So if anything goes wrong, Farmer Griffiths has to put it right himself, because he cannot depend on help from the mainland. Mr. Bert Griffiths and his family have lived on Ramsey for six years and they have run it on modern lines. Of the 600 acres, some 350 are cultivated. This year, the farmer and his three workmen have ploughed 150 acres. The crops grown are oats, barley wheat, linseed for feeding, and early potatoes. Griffiths himself is bronzed and as fit as a fiddle. He is master of three trades—mason, farmer and seaman: if he did not have the craft of all three at his fingertips he could not hope to make a success of his job. There are no daily newspapers on the island: for his contacts with the outside world, Griffiths has to depend solely on the radio. Outward communication in case of an emergency is by means of the Morse lamp. One of Mrs. Griffiths' first tasks when she settled on Ramsey was to learn how to operate the lamp

RAMSEY ISLAND AFFORDS GOOD GRAZING FOR THE SHEEP kept there by Farmer Bert Griffiths on his isolated farm, which is cut off from the mainland by two and a half miles of water. Here Dewi, one of Griffiths' men, clips the warm winter coat from an unprotesting sheep, while the farmer turns the handle of the machine which works the clippers

ANGLESEY ABBEY, seven miles east of Cambridge, which has a great Undercroft dating from 1236. It was completely restored by Lord Fairhaven seventeen years ago

KIRTLING TOWER, ONE OF THREE HOUSES OFFERED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY LORD FAIRHAVEN. This gatehouse of a great mansion dates from the year 1530: it is situated some five miles from Newmarket

The National Trust has announced that Lord Fairhaven has offered restrictive covenants over Anglesey Abbey, Kirtling Tower and Thorney Abbey House (the last-named being owned jointly with his brother, Major H. R. Broughton). All these three houses are in Cambridgeshire. Covenants are also offered over the land surrounding each house in order to protect its amenities, and the total area to be protected in this way is about 717 acres. The ownership of these houses does not pass to the Trust, nor will there be any access for the public. The "restrictive covenants" only ensure that the buildings will not be altered, added to, or demolished, and that the surrounding land will not be developed, but the original settings retained

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WORLD HISTORY PAST AND PRESENT

A Foreign Correspondent at Large; The Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F.; The Lives of William and Mary; Bonaparte and the Modern Parallel

THERE is a genus of newspaper-men called foreign correspondents who have, in the last ten years, reached a peculiar eminence of their own. Of these, one of the best known is Mr. Vincent Sheean, whose reputation is of an early 1930's vintage, and whose despatches have been filed from such divergent points as Chungking, Wake Island and the Place Vendome.

His new book, **BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN** (Macmillan. 15s.), is an entertaining and occasionally exasperating mixture of world history and personal history, in which the Chiang Kai-sheks are given no more and no less space than the writer's visit to the Salzburg Festival, and kings, dictators, generals, prime ministers and other priority characters are shown against a background of activity that is alternately significant and frivolous.

As a relater of anecdotes, Mr. Sheean is remarkable. He makes his own *mot*—and anybody else's—with great effect. Here is a story about the fabulous Madame de Portes in the spring of 1940, which he quotes from the work of a French editor.

"I requested an interview with Paul Reynaud. When I arrived, I found Hélene de Portes sitting at Paul Reynaud's desk. She was presiding over an assorted gathering of Generals, high officers, Members of Parliament and officials. She was talking in a peremptory tone of voice, giving advice and orders right and left. Every once in a while she would open the door and step into the next room. One could hear her say: 'How are you, Paul? Now just relax and take it easy. Don't worry about a thing. We're working.'

"When she went into Reynaud's room again the hitherto obsequious yes-men showed their true colours.

"'Who does this woman think she is?'"

Typically, Mr. Sheean treats the great to analysis and the near-great to familiarity. "Sitting on the terrace," he writes, "above the swimming-pool in his bath-robe and floppy straw hat, Mr. Churchill would discourse with unfailing energy, much wit and considerable wisdom, never troubling to notice whether his talk was fully understood or appreciated. On a good many occasions it was not, save by Maxine and me."

THE INSIGNIA OF A GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL. These medals and decorations of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., were carried to the Abbey funeral service on October 26. Enclosed within the collar of the G.C.B. are: **1**—the 1914-15 Star; **2**—the British War Medal; **3**—Victory Medal; **4**—Queen Victoria's Jubilee; **5**—King George V's Coronation; **6**—King George V's Jubilee; **7**—King George VI's Coronation; **8**—Officer of the Legion of Honour; **9**—American D.S.M. No. **10** is the Star and Badge of the G.C.B.; **11**—Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society; **12**—the Order of Merit; **13**—Star and Badge of the G.C.V.O.; **14**—the Polonia Restituta, 1st Class; **15**—Grand Cross of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olav; **16**—Collar of the G.C.B.

WAR EAGLES (Heinemann. 10s. 6*d*.) is the story of the 71st (Eagle) Squadron of the R.A.F., the force made up of daredevil young Americans who crossed to England first in 1940, when the United States was still neutral. They came over, as they said themselves, mainly because there was a big show on and they hated to be out of it.

At first there was not much these new boys could do. The Battle of Britain was on at the time, and it seemed as if everybody were too busy fighting to bother about training them in battle tactics. The first Eagles to go up flew anyhow, and (in their own words) the Jerries tossed a pretty emphatic amount of lead into them. They were a picturesque lot, but they had no conception of modern aerial warfare.

They just wanted to get up into the sky and give 'em hell, to have a lot of fun, and win a bit of glory. It took some time to sober them up, to teach them battle order, self-control, aircraft recognition and how to avoid flak. Pretty soon, however, association with R.A.F. veterans reduced the noise they made around the campus. They were sobered up by the deaths of comrades and by their own battle experiences.

In their mess-hut, such individualities dominated as a "typical" Englishman, complete with Oxford accent, whom the tough Yanks wrote off as a palooka. They learned that he was a wild man in disguise. In the air he was just as crazy as they were, but he got better results. Out of it he was a languid guy with a marvellous singing voice. He invented the RZT phrase on going into action: "Brave and calm, chaps." The Eagle Squadron began to throw off any anti-British prejudices. Time made the Eagles virtually indistinguishable from any R.A.F. unit in the fighting line, for the chaps who didn't give a damn, who took wild chances, who wouldn't listen to instructions, sooner or later bought it. On the other hand, the pilots who were willing to listen to advice, who studied the art of aerial fighting and were willing to follow the general laws, lived through those early days to be among the truly great pilots of the R.A.F. Colonel James Saxon Childers, now on active duty with the U.S. Armed Forces abroad, has written the story of the Eagle Squadron in a sustained mood of enthusiasm, and has crammed his book full of minute detail, closely observed fact and telling and picturesque dialogue. He has, in fact, done the Eagles proud.

AMERICA IS INTERESTED IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE INVESTITURES. Miss Peggy Diggins is an accredited U.S. Army war photographer: here she is seen at work outside the Palace after a recent Investiture. She is photographing Flight Sergeant J. Hayden (from Durham), who received the D.F.M. Formerly, Miss Diggens was on the staff of International News in New York

Miss Iris Morley's **THE MIGHTY YEARS** (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is an historical novel which treats of the personal and political lives of William of Orange and Mary Stuart, from their marriage until Mary's death, and it seemed to at least one reader to have been written with a strong Whig bias, though with a frank admission of the Whigs' inadequacy.

The aim of the royal pair is shown to have been the establishment of a lasting European peace, with freedom from tyranny for the smaller States. This involved a twenty-five years' struggle with Louis XIV., a fact which is given its relative importance. Throughout this period, in spite of William's acknowledged devotion to Holland, his native country, the writer demonstrates that he was to all intents and purposes free from national bias.

It is, however, the personal rather than the political side of William and Mary's lives to which Miss Morley has given most thought, and she shows William as deeply loving three widely different persons. There was Mary Stuart, his wife and cousin; Bentinck, his best friend and adviser; and Elizabeth Villiers, his clever, hard mistress. It was not until after Mary's death that he realised how much more she had meant, and still meant, to him than the others, and when it was too late he bitterly reproached himself for his cold treatment of her. He realised then that her love for him had frequently condemned her to loneliness, because of his other lovers, his reserve and his work.

The author writes with that authority that is the result of months, and possibly years, of research, and the atmosphere that she has created throughout her story is both authentic and lively.

Some may call her an ecdysiast, some just the best and most spectacular striteaser in the United States, but I hold the view that Miss Gypsy Rose Lee is primarily a writer of no mean merit. Her new book, **THE MOTHER FINDS A BODY** (John Lane. 7s. 6d.), is a sequel to *The Strip Tease Murders*, since it deals with the same volatile Gypsy and her colleagues, and with "funny man" Brannigan, her ex-beau and now her loving husband.

In the interval between the two books, Gypsy has materialised, in addition to the characters, a mother of many gifts, iron determination and a tendency to asthma. Bodies are not the only things that mother finds as she accompanies the newly-weds and two or three of their vaudeville companions across Texas. She finds fortunes in teacups, friendships in trailer camps and good in everything.

I have only seen Miss Lee's stage performance once, and I thought it a marvel of technical accomplishment. I have now read two good books from her typewriter, and I am waiting eagerly—and with my hair on end—for her to declare herself an adept in yet another craft.

In an amusing little volume, **WE LAUGHED AT BONEY!** (W. H. Allen. 8s.), Mr. Jack Werner has assembled a mass of data, songs, broadsheets, old prints, mock-playbills and quotations from contemporary newspapers to show the parallel between what happened around 1805 and what has happened in this war. There was even a Home Guard at that time. The similarity between Napoleon's Russian adventure and Hitler's march on Moscow has been too often stressed to need repetition.

It was the threat of invasion, against which their most potent weapon seems to have been ridicule, which provides the closest resemblance to our days. The ridicule has changed to something sterner now, but the spirit of defiance has always been the same. In her foreword, Miss Vera Brittain writes "as a student of history, committed as such to a respect for facts and to all discoveries which illuminate them, I commend this graphic visuette of the Napoleonic era as a real contribution to our knowledge of the past."

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When mother has to show her daughter how to peel a banana there will be oranges and lemons, too, to remind us of the minor things we've missed. Until then, it is astonishing to think that many a child of five has never seen a banana. Almost as astonishing as the people who still don't realize that practically all the world's rubber trees are in enemy hands. Only in Japan can tyres be treated rough. Here, we must not accelerate too quickly or brake too hard. Nor can we afford to ignore the grit, flints and glass that so insidiously destroy treads. Don't behave like a Jap . . . be British and look after your tyres.

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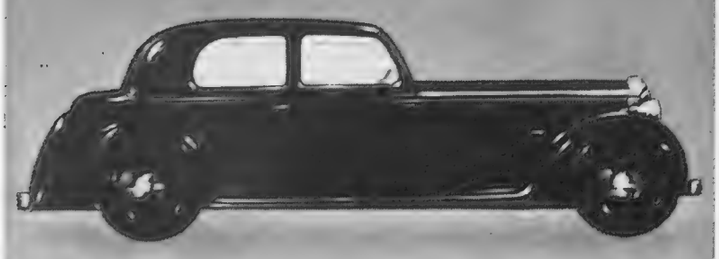

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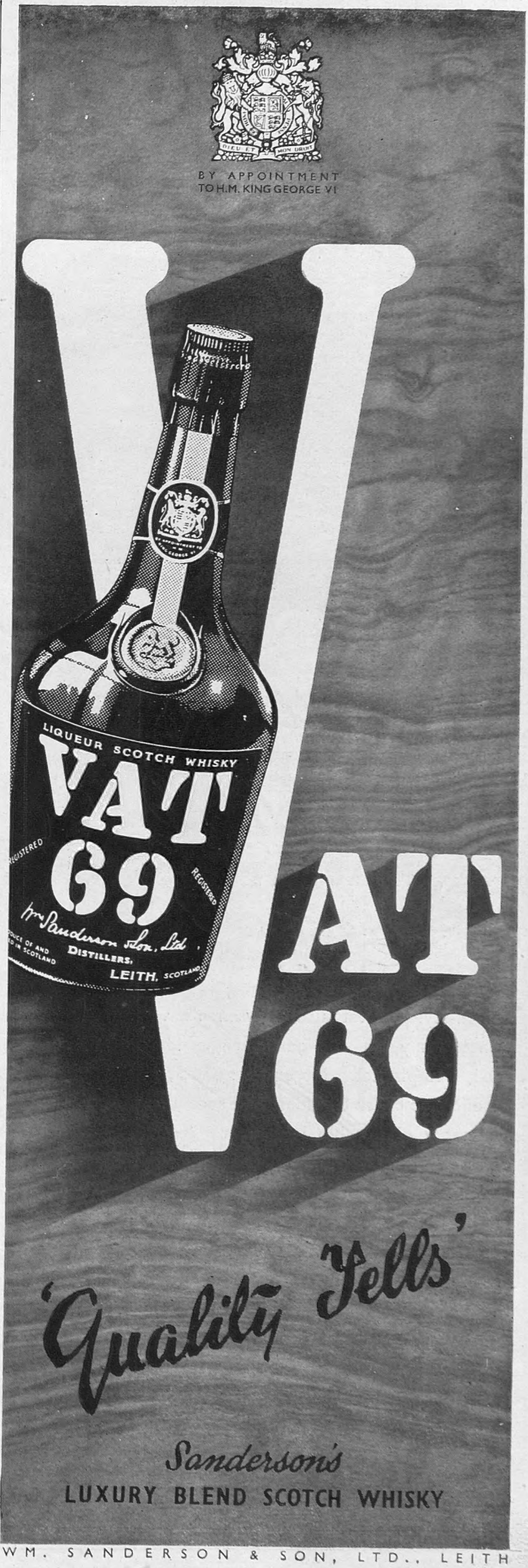

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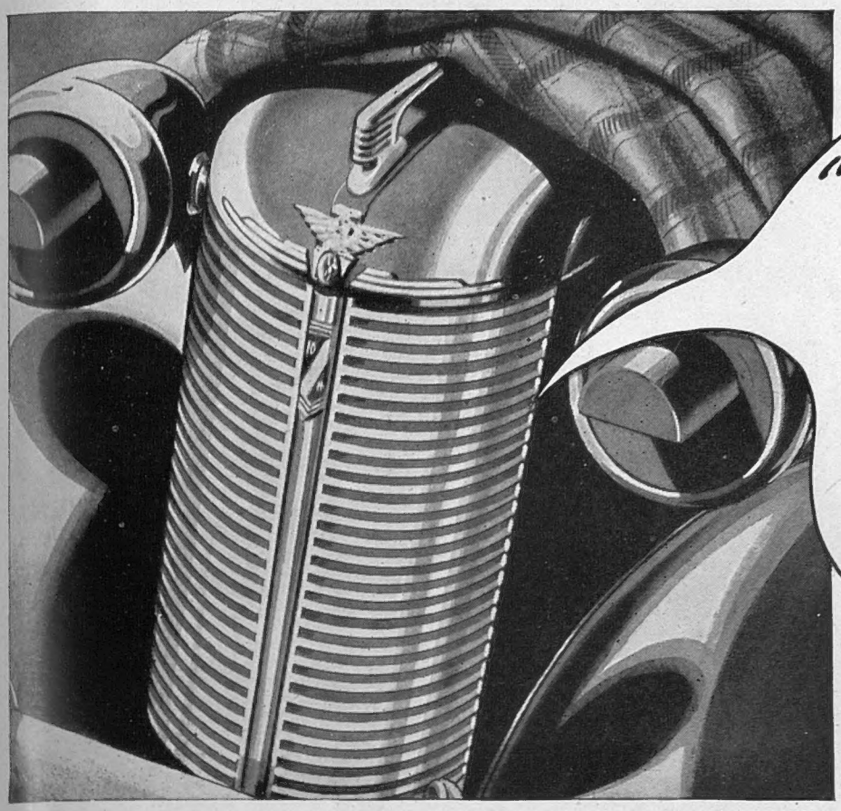
★ FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



"Hey! Gi' us ice box"

HELP YOUR AUSTIN TO HELP THE COUNTRY

Water, allowed to freeze overnight, is enough to make even a sturdy Austin radiator crack up. In cold weather never forget to drain completely, and affix a "no water" card as a reminder. After refilling, always examine the drain tap to make sure it is not dripping. Now and then, clean the water system by flushing through till the water runs clear.

• *Read the* AUSTIN MAGAZINE — *4d monthly from your newsagent* • THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

Why we need LEGACIES & BEQUESTS

The need of ex-Servicemen of All Wars, including the disabled and their dependants, and the care of those left behind by the men who fall in action are an ever-present and recurring charge on the Legion. Every year since the inception of the Fund the expenditure has *increased*, and it is vitally necessary that the Fund should be strengthened and fortified against any possible diminution of income in the future by means of Legacies and Bequests.

EARL HAIG'S
BRITISH LEGION
APPEAL FUND

Full particulars and Forms of Bequest can be obtained from the Organising Secretary,
Capt. W. G. WILLCOX, M.B.E.,
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Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

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(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925.)

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IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777"** RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW. HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

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SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES. TURN THEM OUT NOW—THE NEED IS URGENT!

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SECTION LEADER

CAP

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE

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BRITISH LEGION

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
(OTHER RATINGS)

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AIR TRAINING CORPS

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